

THE JOURNEY IS OUR HOME

by

Lillian Crane Southall



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DEDICATION

TO

MY GRANDCHILDREN

Katherine

Laura

Charlotte

Jason

Teresa

Terry

David

Eric

Lucas

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PREFACE

Despite the admonition of the wise author of Ecclesiastes, "be warned that writing books involves endless hard work, and that much study wearies the body" (Ecc. 12:12), I have undertaken the writing of this small volume because I felt that it was a story that needed to be told. I was nurtured by the positive, dynamic enthusiasm of this small band of dedicated men and women who truly felt called of God to live out their faith in a land where Christ was not known. These very human people managed in spite of mistakes and set-backs to plant a seed that has grown like the scriptural mustard seed into one of the strongest, fastest growing churches in the world, sending its missionaries all over Asia and making a definite impact in America.

The Korean people who made up my family are real persons whom I have known; but for the sake of the reader, I have changed their names and made them one household.

I am much indebted to Dr. George Thomson Brown's book, Mission to Korea, for refreshing my hazy memory on dates and facts. Father Richard Rutt's delightful insights in his Korean Works and Days, have helped me relive details of some of the Korean customs and ceremonies. My brother, Dr. Paul S. Crane's, Korean Patterns, has also been an invaluable resource. And stories from my mother's, Flowers and Folklore from Far Korea, Virtue in Conflict, edited by Sandra Mattielli, have helped me deal with this subject. All Bible quotations are from the Jerusalem Bible.

The book would never have been undertaken without the encouragement and guidance of my supportive editor-friend, Dr. Roland W. Tapp and Maryann S. Taliaferro, my typist. My family has stood by with cheers and constructive criticism.



Dr. and Mrs. John Curtis Crane with Lillian and Paul

CHAPTER ONE

"Yes, you will leave with joy..." Is. 55:12 a (Jerusalem Bible)

Young Mong Nai tripped down the cobblestone path to the village well. Her large earthen water jar was balanced easily on her head. Aging Cook had sent her this morning and she welcomed the chance to get outside the high walls of her courtyard. As she rounded the bend in the path, she heard excited voices, "Foreigners! More foreigners here in our quiet village of Soonchun (Peaceful Heaven)? Whatever are they doing here? How did they get here?"

Mong Nai ran up to the edge of the crowd to hear.

"My honorable husband was a chair-bearer for the wife. She was no bigger than a child and weighed about five stones. She does not

understand proper custom and spoke to my husband instead of having her husband speak for her. Neither of them could speak our language, but had to point and say words in a peculiar way." Mrs. Lee enjoyed being the source of such news.

"Well, what did she want from your husband?" a chorus asked.

"Would you believe," she pointed to the little blue day flower.

"He finally understood that she wanted him to pick it for her. She smiled, without covering her mouth, and took out a writing stick from her bag and drew a picture of it on some papers."

There were expressions of wonder from the crowd. Mrs. Oh, the wise one, said, "It's plain to see she likes flowers. I will take some of my peonies to her as a welcome gift. She must be lonely in a new country."

Mong Nai almost forgot her water jug. Now, working her way to the well, she filled it from the gourd fastened to a rice rope and hurried home to tell the news.

Her older brother, Hon Sic, was ahead of her. As she set down her jug and slipped out of her straw shoes to step up onto the porch, she could hear him in conversation with their father,

"They say the man is thin and has black hair like us, but his nose is long like an elephant and his dark eyes go back in his head. He kept pointing with his finger instead of properly with his chin. When anyone would tell him the name of whatever he wanted, he wrote it in a small black book which he opened from the back.

"This man was riding on a strange vehicle like a pair of giant

spectacles. He pushed some pedals to make the wheels turn. On the way down Tom Bok Pass, the thing got away from him and ran with him off the side of the mountain. He cut a large gash in the back of his head. His blood was just as red as ours. His wife defied all custom by pulling up her skirt in front of everyone. She tore a piece from her underskirt. This she wrapped tightly around his head."

Their father listened in silence to this unbelievable story.

Hon Sic cleared his throat. "Father, why did they come to our village? Do they indeed bring a new religion?"

Mr. Park sat looking over the courtyard for a while, then answered reflectively, "This is what we hear, my son. Time will tell if this story of a Son of God is true. Let us wait and listen."

In this manner young Florence and Curtis Crane began their new life on the other side of the world from their sheltered Mississippi homes. They had responded to the inspiring challenge of Fairman Preston who had returned on his first furlough with the assignment to raise the money and personnel for a new mission station in Soonchun.

Korea in 1913 was in a transition period with the passing of an old and corrupt monarchy to the gradual annexation of the country by Japan following its victory in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. In spite of the

fact that their old system had its faults, the Koreans, a fiercely independent people, resented and hated their new rulers. For centuries this hermit nation had fought to maintain its isolation. Unfortunate shipwrecked sailors and explorers were either imprisoned or killed. The Voyage from Luchu tells a fascinating story of the diplomatic dilemma of an unwanted group of ship-wrecked Dutch sailors.

In 1866 the S. S. General Sherman on a mission of trade, sailed up the Tai Tong River to Pyengyang. Just south of the city, the ship ran aground on a mud bank. A Scottish missionary, Rev. Robert J. Thomas, was a passenger, carrying with him a load of Chinese Bibles. The offer of trade was declined, and no amount of effort on the part of the crew would budge the ship. Curious Koreans lined the banks and ventured closer in small crafts. The Americans, feeling helpless, became frightened and fired into the crowd. This hostile gesture turned curiosity to rage. With cunning the Koreans launched a burning boat from upstream which proved fatal to the Sherman. As the crew left the ship, they were caught and executed. Mr. Thomas offered a Bible to his executioner which was refused. Later, the man out of remorse for killing a good man, or curiosity, took the Bible home. In time to come a nephew of this man brought the same Bible which had kindled his Christian faith to pioneer missionary, Will Reynolds.

Christianity had no better reception. An early Christian community established by the Jesuits was completely annihilated.

The door was opened to missionaries literally by a queen's silk thread. When local medicine men were unable to cure the king's favorite

wife, the King sent for an American missionary doctor whose reputation had filtered into Korea from bordering Manchuria. Since it was improper for a male doctor to visit a queen professionally, the diagnosis had to be made by a silk thread which was pulled in response to his questions from the other side of a screen. Miraculously, the queen survived. For his pay, Dr. Horace Allen, gained permission for missionaries to come into Korea. Dr. Allen naturally called on his own Presbyterian Board (PCUSA) who responded by sending a team. The team found an openness which caused the Board to send Horace Underwood, a member of the team, to the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. to "Come over to Macedonia and help." It took some persistent persuasion on the part of three young ministers, Will Reynolds, Bill Junkin, and L. B. Tate, to convince the Foreign Mission Committee. Permission was granted provided the three young ministers raised their own support. In September of 1892 the pioneer band set out from St. Louis, Missouri. Two newlyweds, Will and Patsy Reynolds, and Bill and Mary Junkin, with L. B. and his sister, Dr. Mattie Tate, and Miss Linnie Davis formed the "Intrepid seven." They landed in Chemulpo, Korea, on a cold windy November third. The years that followed were filled with hardship, tragedy and death for Linnie Davis Harrison. They made the beginning and opened the way. A new wind was blowing. The old Confucian and Buddhist ways and traditions were being challenged by a word of hope from these young and dedicated ambassadors of the Christian Gospel.

Soonchun, a remote walled county seat in the fertile rice-growing

area of the south, was chosen by Fairman Preston as a site for a new outpost or mission station. Fairman, a member of the first group of recruits after the first seven, was considered a senior missionary. He and Bob Coit, also of the second wave, tramped the hills and valleys under the guise of a hunting trip to find a location for their fifth mission station. From the topography, they felt that Soonchun in time would become a natural rail center. A quarter of a century proved them right.^{sP}

A bare hillside, Plum Mountain, had been purchased on which to build. The villagers were glad to sell as they insisted that it sheltered a dragon who would not allow rice to grow. A thin layer of top soil hid a mound of solid granite. Buildings were begun of square granite blocks cut from the mountain by willing, if unskilled, workmen with little knowledge and no experience of architecture. Eventually a clinic, schools for girls as well as boys, and five missionary homes began to take shape. (From the first, Korean Christians built their own meeting houses and churches). The buildings were in various stages of construction, but to Florence's artist's eye, their stark silhouettes seemed grim and uninviting.

On his first furlough, Fairman had inspired one man, Mr. George Watts of Durham, North Carolina, founder of the Bull Durham Tobacco fortune, to give the money for the land purchase, the buildings and the support of thirteen missionaries and their work. It was his special project, and later he and Mrs. Watts visited Soonchun several times. Whenever "his" missionaries furloughed, they were entertained graciously at the Watts's mansion.

"Annie, is this a new pup?" Fairman's eyes twinkled across the table at his vivacious young wife as he stood to carve the unidentified meat. Members of the station smiled at the interplay of the Korean word "pup" for recipe. Florence, not understanding the joke and having heard tales of dogmeat, suddenly became violently ill. She ran from the table in tears. Nothing in her quiet life on the university campus of "Ole Miss" had prepared her for the torrent of traumatic sights and sounds of the past two days. Naked children played in the road while mad dogs ran loose. The pervading pungent odor of kimchi pickle on every breath was matched by the strong stench of night soil in the surrounding rice fields.

While buffeted with these unfamiliar attacks on their senses, they had come into this small missionary community at the time of sudden tragedy. The day after their arrival, a double funeral was held for Roberta and Woods Coit, who on successive days had died of acute dysentery due probably to impure drinking water. Cecile, their mother, was still critically ill. The shock of this introduction to an alien land was more than Florence was prepared to handle. She, too, became ill. Fairman, "Fathu," as he was called, and Annie understood. Their years on the field had given them perspective as well as empathy. Their love and support helped her over this first major time of adjustment. The ministry of compassion had begun.

Until their house was finished, Florence and Curtis began house-keeping in the upstairs of the Coit home. In sharing their bereavement during their days of grieving, Florence found healing for herself as she reached out to these new friends.

"Florence," Cecile called up the stairs. "Mrs. Oh has come to see us."

Mrs. Oh sat gingerly on the edge of the rocker. She eased her way back into the seat and pulled her feet up after her, covering them with her full white cotton skirt. The chair began to rock. Mrs. Oh was terrified and let out a very unlady-like scream just as Florence came into the room. Cecile was trying in her broken Korean to soothe her and explain about the rocker. Mrs. Oh had had enough of these strange foreign ways. She seated herself tailor fashion on the floor.

"Now, that's better!" What are you trying to do to me? Here I am coming to see you to give you a welcome and you try to make me feel like the earth has gone out from under me!?"

Cecile and Florence tried in their halting way to apologize and make her feel comfortable again.

Mrs. Oh's fear subsided and her natural good humor and interest in these strangers took over.

"I almost forgot. I have brought you each a flower. It is called the grandmother flower." She unfolded a neatly wrapped piece of oil paper and held out to them a soft grey anemone with a wine-red center. Florence was excited to have this new addition to her collection.

"The flower is for the flower-lady," Mrs. Oh said, "But I have a story for the mother who has lost her children." She reached out and stroked Cecile's hand with gentle understanding.

"A mother had two sons. The first born was clever and had a mind for business. His money seemed to make money. He became rich and built himself a fine house. The other son worked hard, but everything he tried lost money. He had a small cottage on the mountainside where he gathered pine needles to sell on market day. The mother loved both her sons, but the older son had no time for her. He did not want his rich friends to see his bent little mother. The younger son loved her very much and he and his wife made her welcome whenever she climbed the hill to their small cottage. The mother became ill, but she wanted to see the younger son once more so she set out on the path to their home. On reaching the first knoll, her heart failed and she fell unconscious. Her son found her lifeless body as he came down the mountain with his load of pine needles. He buried her with loving care. When her daughter-in-law came to visit her grave the next day, she found these little flowers growing over the fresh earth. To her they looked like her bent little mother-in-law all grey with a bleeding heart. From then on they have been called the grandmother flower."

"So, you see my dear," she turned to Cecile, "grief belongs to us all and makes us sisters."

Cecile put her arms around Mrs. Oh and hugged her as she sat on the floor.

Part of being a missionary, the Cranes soon discovered, was to learn to live in close relationship with other hard-headed individualists who also were bent on "saving the world in this generation." Station meetings were heated as the financial pie had to be divided to take care of each burning need. More than one young missionary became disillusioned at his or her first such encounter.

Curtis had felt his call to preach since he began writing sermons at age nine. He gathered his reluctant relatives and friends in their backyard in Yazoo City on Sunday afternoons to preach at them. Through long and difficult years of study and preparation, he never doubted that the Lord had his hand on him and that he was called to preach. But now, coming home from his first station meeting, he was completely discouraged. "Florence, they voted for me to head the boys' school!" His voice broke, "All these years of training and planning to preach--and now this! What do I know about teaching?"

"It was Florence's turn to comfort, "You are young. This is just

for now. Think what an opportunity to get to know the young boys who will be Christian leaders. There are other ways to telling the story, besides from the pulpit. Remember, you have done some teaching at Chamberlayne Hunt Academy. The boys loved you; have you forgotten? You can do it."

At first the school was to be for local boys. It soon became obvious that education met a real need. Boys began walking in from outlying villages. A dormitory had to be built. First grader Kim Hyung Mo walked ten miles clutching thirty sen in his hot little hand. This he turned over to Curtis with, "Father said, 'Ten sen for books, ten sen for food and ten sen for Church.'" Little did either know that in the years to come this small lad was to be elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Korea!

Hon Sic and his father had finished their evening rice. They had eaten in silence according to custom so as not to interfere with the digestive juices. With their rice and kimchi had been pork with vegetables spiced with ginger. Pine nuts in honey added a sweet bite to go with their hot green tea.

Hon Sic coughed politely, "Father, I wish permission to speak about a matter."

"Speak on, my son." Mr. Park's voice was reassuring.

"You have heard about the new boys' school that the missionaries have opened? The subjects are taught in our own tongue. They also teach English. I would like your permission to enroll."

A silence came between them. Mr. Park studied his handsome young son, his only heir. It was not like the boy to question his father's judgement in any matter, but most especially in the matter of his education.

Finally, with a gruffness unnatural to him, the father answered, "Son, I am truly surprised that you are so easily taken in by new ways. For six generations the men in this family have considered the classical Korean learning essential for discipline of the spirit as well as the mind. I am shocked that my only son cares so little for his past and the traditions of our ancestors to want to risk this new and strange system of teaching as well as of thought. Have you considered that you would be required to study their sacred book and attend their chapel worship? Will this not disturb the spirits of our fathers?"

Hon Sic bowed his head. He had never seen his father so disturbed. He loved his father and wanted to please him in every way, and yet he wanted more than anything in his life so far to attend this new and interesting school.

Knowing he should let the matter rest, he still felt he must present his carefully thought out arguments before the subject was closed for good.

"Father, forgive my rudeness in causing you pain. This I had not

wanted to do. You are my most honorable father and I am your obedient son. Since you are wise in all things, let me just mention that I have heard the Japanese are establishing schools in their tongue to which all boys will be required to attend unless they are enrolled in a private Christian school. Their schools, I understand, will require military training as well."

Hon Sic was frightened by his father's anger. He rose and spit out into the courtyard, "The son of a pig, Islanders! They are the real enemy! They will choke us to death before they are through. Stay out of their way, son. They are evil!"

Mr. Park paced the courtyard with loud groans expressing his anguish. "What is a man to do? Why can we not return to the old ways? Oh, my son, my son, I fear for you!"

His anger spent, he came back and sat on the porch. Deliberately, he pulled out his oil paper tobacco pouch and filled the small brass bowl at the end of its long stem. Hon Sic joined the ritual. Striking two small white flint stones to make a spark, he lit the tobacco. Mr. Park smoked in silence while the last rays of the sun painted a multi-colored background for the crescent moon. Hon Sic squatted by his father. A far-off dog's barking was the only sound.

Finally, Mr. Park spoke, "Son, I can understand your desire to explore new ways. I do not want you to be forced to attend a Japanese school. This leaves a hard choice for me. Because I love you, I will do as you desire and enroll you in the missionary's school tomorrow. But, remember, you will be forced to learn with the sons of coolies and

people you have never been associated with. Their speech will be foul. Their manners uncouth. You are born a Yong Bon (gentleman) and I hope that you will not forget this or your ancestors and be carried away by this new wind of doctrine. Be ready in the morning to go with me. That is all. Goodnight, my son, go to sleep in peace."

Florence could hear Curtis's step on the front walk. There was a snap to it that she had not heard lately. She met him at the door.

"Well, tell me. Something good has happened!"

Curtis laughed, "Just can't put anything over on my Girl, can I? Yes, something important did happen. My helper, Young Wan, came running into the office. I could tell he was excited for he left off his usual polite bows. Mr. Park who used to be magistrate under the old King and is considered still the town's most distinguished citizen, was waiting to see me with his small son Hon Sic. We had a good conversation and he told me frankly he did not want his son indoctrinated with this new religion. Ancestor worship and Confucius' teachings were good enough for him. I liked his honesty. We seemed to understand each other. His son is a handsome youngster with snappy black eyes. He will go far or I miss my guess."

Florence chuckled, tactfully refraining from saying, "I told you so."

"Who knows, this may be the window the Lòrd has opened when he closed the door on preaching."

Language was a major hurdle. Curtis went after it as if he had a tiger by the tail. His little black book became filled with new words added daily. This pattern lasted the rest of his life, making him rather quickly bi-lingual. Florence found the new language more difficult. Her contacts with women gave her a working knowledge of "women's talk" which was a tongue all its own. When she tried it on her students in the girls' school, she noticed a ripple of polite snickers behind hands. Frustrated, she had to painfully unlearn and relearn the correct words.

Homemaking was a challenge to all missionary wives, but especially so for Florence who had had little or nothing to do with the running of a home. Her tiny mother had been a very efficient manager of the comfortable home furnished to them by the University. Under her guidance, their faithful black cook had managed to have ample food for any occasion. Florence had spent what energy she had after her university studies in painting china and water color sketching. Her botany major helped her natural love of flowers, making her paintings not only beautiful but accurate. She was completely unprepared for the demands of running a home where everything for the table had to be grown or ordered from America (later from Seoul). Each wife had to

learn about growing wheat for breadmaking, churning butter, rendering lard and butchering. Fruit had to come from trees planted from seeds, berry bushes and strawberry patches. Vegetable gardens, a cow, chickens and pigs were essentials.

"Florence," Annie was inspecting their new square house before they had moved in, "you need a good man cook like ours to help you plan and order. Fairman and I have just heard that we can have a well-trained cook of the Pratts who are going on furlough not to return. That would put our No Jiki out of a job. He has learned a lot since he has been with us. Would you like to give him a job?"

"Annie, what a friend you are! You know what I need before I even realize it. I have been lying awake nights wondering how in the world and where in the world I would begin. I know so little and I don't want to worry Curtis. Oh, I'm so grateful to you."

No Jiki seemed to like coming to work for the new American couple even if the wife knew little of what every woman should know. He quickly established himself as head of the food department and was to rule as a benevolent tyrant for nearly forty years. Curtis and Florence bought him a lot and built him a comfortable new home and lovingly supported him and his family for the rest of his life.

Florence, like other missionary wives, was assigned "homemaking and language study" for her first two years. In her third year, she began teaching art and sewing and weaving with silk-making in the girls' school next door, and found it to her liking.

"What is the world will these foreigners do next?" Mrs. Oh exclaimed as she gave her weekly newsbulletin to the women at the well. Since her first visit, Mrs. Oh had been a frequent caller at the Coit-Crane home. At first curiosity drew her, but as she came to know these two young women, her motherly heart reached out to them. Being a courier of the latest doings on the hill was not an unpleasant feature.

"Well, the flower-lover, Mrs. Crane, wrote to her mother in America to send some nuts. They are unlike our chestnuts or acorns. She cracked one for me and they do have a good flavor. They call them pecans. She is planting them around their home. She gave me a bag to share with you. She wants us to eat some and plant some. She tells me they grow quickly into large shade trees." Hands reached out for samples before she had finished her story.

As the young missionary wives worked together, the barren station compound began to take on life and beauty. Azaleas and camellia japonicas growing wild on the hillsides were comfortably resettled as borders. Single native roses were planted along the roads. Lombardy poplars were started for their quick growth for shade. Wysteria and native ivy took root and began climbing the stone walls. Peonies, lilies and other flowers were supplied by Korean peddlers and friends. Behind their walled courtyards, the upper class had had their lotus ponds and blooming shrubs, but the village folk had not been accustomed to planting

anything that was not edible. The example on the hill began to be followed by many of the commoners.

Hon Sic was reading the paper to his father who steadfastly refused to learn its new language, Japanese.

"Father, it says here that taxes are due on the first day of the Japanese month. All who do not pay will have their lands confiscated by the government."

Mr. Park grew livid. "So, that's the scheme! I had heard they would get our rich rice lands, but I had not heard how. Those Islanders! Who of our people can or will read this notice? Thieves!"

"What can we do, Father?" Hon Sic felt the desperate situation.

"I know one thing, I will write a notice to circulate in the village." Mr. Park's mind was already busy planning.

"I can tell the boys at school to tell their parents," Hon Sic joined in.

"That's the way, my son, we'll show these upstarts they can't steal without a fight."

Father and son did try to spread the word, as did others; but in time much of the best farming land, commonly referred to as the

"Emperor's rice bowl," passed quietly into the hands of their enterprising landlords, the Japanese.

The villagers, always interested, often amazed at the strange ways of their foreign neighbors, were particularly drawn to their children. The children grew up speaking Korean learned from their ahmas (nurses) and their playmates in the village. The Preston family had three girls and a boy when the Cranes arrived in Soonchun. Baby Florence was named Sachai (The Third) by the Koreans. It was a name of sympathy, for girls were a liability when marriage arrangements required a dowry. When baby Robert came into the Coit home, "to take away their grief," there was much rejoicing in the village. His yellow curls were considered beautiful. William Preston also brought satisfaction as a second son insurance.

However, there was genuine distress when news came of the birth of the Crane's first child, Lillian. A group of the village fathers, dressed in their formal long white coats, came to call to express their sympathy for the triple curse that had been visited on these young foreigners. First, a girl baby means only added expense. Second, her eyes of blue would indicate a vacant mind since most idiots had light or blue eyes. Finally, they had heard with shock and disbelief that her hair was fiery

red. This strange phenomenon must mean that she was possessed with at least ten devils.

The Park household was in a stir. Mr. Park had taken a second wife! He carefully explained to Hon Sic's mother.

"You are a good wife. You will continue to be my wife and the mistress of this home. I need another son to carry on the family in these troubled times and to support us in our old age. Jade is young and gentle. She is the third daughter of a business friend who has fallen on hard times and cannot provide a dowry required for a first marriage. He doesn't want to sell her and is happy that I can give her a good home. - I told him you would be kind to her. She will be obedient to you and if you can accept her with openness, she will be company for you. I want no bickering in my household. I am a Yong Bon and you are a lady. A word to the wise is enough."

Mrs. Park was stunned into silence. What was there to say? Suddenly her serene, secure world was blown apart.

Daughter Mong Nai was most curious to meet this young woman whom her father had chosen for another wife. Jade bowed very low to Mrs. Park when Mr. Park brought her into the inner court of the women. Mrs. Park's face showed no emotion. Her greeting was

formally polite. "You are welcome, I am sure. I will lead you to your room." She conducted Jade into the new wing which has just been completed. "I hope you will find peace under our roof."

That night after Mong Nai had gone to bed, she heard a soft knock at the secret door in the gate. Who could be coming? She held her eye to the hole in her paper door, waiting to see who would answer. To her amazement, her mother's door slid open and she stepped out with her lantern and rabbit fur bonnet. Too startled to speak, Mong Nai watched her mother open the tiny door. In the lantern's light she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Oh's wrinkled face on the other side of the door before her mother closed it behind her. Never had she seen her mother leave the courtyard except in her sedan chair with the curtains drawn. Where would she be going on foot and at night? She considered trying to follow, but remembered the secret door opened from the inside and her mother kept the key.

Mrs. Oh greeted Mrs. Park warmly. "You won't be sorry you

came," she reassured her as they picked their way down the cobblestone path. "I have found peace and joy in this new faith. Jesus is real and I can feel his presence in my everyday life."

Mrs. Park was quiet. Why she had been willing to risk her husband's anger, to break tradition and go unattended with kindly Mrs. Oh to a gathering of new converts to the Christian gospel was something she herself could not understand. The new wife's coming into their happy household had shaken her to the core. She knew this was good Korean custom when the first wife left off bearing children. Mr. Park seemed to care for her as a person and not just as the mother of his children and manager of his household. Her slender patrician figure and graceful movements seemed to please him. He called her his water lily. Why would he do this to her? Jealousy was a new emotion for her. She resented young Jade! The fact that Jade was very pretty did not help. Mrs. Park knew she had it in her power to make life miserable for her but cruelty was also foreign to her nature. She needed help to restore her serenity. When Mrs. Oh called to invite her, she impulsively accepted.

The meeting had started when they reached Mrs. Lee's home. The singing was very different from traditional Korean music. It was in a major key and had a happy sound in sharp contrast to the minor, haunting lament of most Korean ballads. They were cordially welcomed and found a space to sit on the warm floor. After the singing, there was a time of meditation and prayer. Many of the women prayed out loud with earnestness. A young missionary, Mrs. Crane, took her

sacred book and read haltingly a short story about a woman who had lost a coin. Afterwards she explained the reading through a Korean woman interpreter. Mrs. Park understood about how distressing it is to lose something valuable--like first place in her husband's heart. Maybe this new teaching could help her find peace again.

"A courier has brought a letter, Florence," Curtis's voice was excited, "A letter from brother Paul!"

Everything stopped when mail came. Until the Japanese were able to build roads and establish mail service, letters were exchanged between the five Presbyterian stations by private courier.

"Read it! What does he say? I do hope they are coming to see us in our new home."

Paul and his petite blonde wife, Katherine, had followed Curtis and Florence to Korea. Their baby daughter, Effie, was just six months younger than Lillian. They were stationed in Mokpo, the port city.

"Their new Model T Ford has come and they're driving over to see us!"

"Oh, I'm so excited!" Florence's eyes shone, "It's been so long since we have seen them!" Her mind began to plan, "We'll have a station dinner in their honor and make it a real housewarming party!"

Korean roads were a challenge even to a Model T. However, Paul and Katherine and Effie arrived safely the following week. The brothers were like two school boys with the new toy, the Ford. The quiet house was filled with a chattering of Cranes. News from home to share, old times to remember, plans to make and jokes about their trials with the language filled hours of stimulating conversations.

"I couldn't understand why they kept giggling," Paul was relating his first disastrous attempt to preach in Korean. He was telling of Moses' encounters with Pharaoh. They were very attentive. "Every now and then one old granny would ask another. 'What's that word he's trying to say?' But, when I got to the plague of hail, two little boys on the front row laughed out loud. It caught, and soon the whole congregation was chuckling. I stopped and asked the boys what I had said."

"You said watermelon, subok, for hail, hubok were falling from the sky.' The laughter began again. This time I laughed with them and we all felt better. I'm afraid the sermon was ruined."

Curtis, eleven months older, and Paul had grown up as twins. Their mother dressed them alike in sailor suits and they were made to wear curls until they started school together. Their father had a successful hardware business in Yazoo City. Theirs was a happy childhood with their older sister, Janet. Social life centered in the Presbyterian Church where their parents sang in the choir and their father was an elder. Music lovers all, Paul had a beautiful tenor voice.

The summer the boys were ready for college, a fire swept Main Street and spread into the residential section. In one day the Cranes

lost their business and their home. The local fire insurance company went bankrupt, and with it all hope of reimbursement. Their mother never really recovered from the shock and died not too long after. Janet had to give up plans for college and stay home instead to care for baby brother, William Earl. Curtis and Paul had to work their way through college and seminary. But hardship had drawn them very close. Their time together was a tonic for their spirits.

Mong Nai was helping chop the long cabbage leaves. Kimchi-making season was a time she loved. Leaves were turning golden on the trees and rice harvest was over. Men laced rice straw to make long grass skirts which they laid in tiers on the thatched roofs to make them snug against winter storms. Red peppers were drying on straw mats for kimchi. Pumpkins yellowed on thatched-covered walls. Persimmon, the size of tomatoes, grew ripe and sweet. There was singing and laughter in the village. At night the spirit dancers put on their masks and bright painted paper hats and danced up and down the village paths beating their drums to scare all evil spirits who might be lurking about.

After the cabbage, onions, peppers and turnips were chopped and washed, they were packed in earthen jars between layers of salt. Then the jars were filled with vinegar and lowered into holes in the courtyard to keep through the winter.

"Mother," said Mong Nai between chops, "I want to go to the new school for girls up on the hill taught by the foreigners."

Her mother pretended not to hear.

"Mother, Hon Sic goes to school."

"But he's a boy. Girls have no need to go to school. I can teach you the things you should know like making pickle. This is what is required to make a husband happy."

Mong Nai was not satisfied. "But Mother," she persisted, "if I could read I would read you the stories in that book you have hidden in your quilt chest."

Mrs. Park blushed. "How did you know about the book? You weasel! Don't you dare mention this to your father!"

Mong Nai knew she had the advantage. "Well, I won't, but I will ask him about school. What is the book and where did you get it? Did Mrs. Oh bring it to you when you went with her the other night?"

Mrs. Park lowered her voice so deaf Cook couldn't hear. "You see and know everything! Yes, Mrs. Oh gave me one of the foreign God's books. It is called a testament. I was afraid to take it for fear this new God's spirit would be angry. So, I hid it in my quilt chest. I do wish I could read it."

Mong Nai had an idea. "Mother, will you ask father if I can go to school? It might help to find me a good husband if I could read."

Mrs. Park smiled. "You're a clever one, you are. Yes, I will ask him when he has eaten well and is in a good mood. Be patient."

The year was 1916. The schools were flourishing when the blow fell. Two Japanese officials appeared at Curtis's office to deliver an order to close the schools or discontinue the teaching of Bible. Ever since the Japanese had moved into south Korea, relations with the missionaries had been strained. The missionaries had tried to assure them that their reasons to be in the area were non-political. However, they were looked on with suspicion that their religious activities were a guise to cover their espionage assignments for the U. S. Government. The fact that the mission schools, taught in the Korean language, were more popular than the newer Japanese schools was not a help. The Japanese government began by ordering all schools to be registered with the provincial department of education in Seoul. Next, all schools were put on probation until they obtained official recognition from the education department. Schools in the four older mission stations had started early and had received their recognition before the Japanese had gained enough power to make an issue of it. These new Soonchun schools offered a test case.

When he registered the schools, Curtis was warned by the local authorities that Bible teaching was forbidden in the newest guidelines. But, since the other schools in the mission had gained recognition, he felt this to be a paper tiger and was not prepared for the confrontation.

Station meeting lasted long into the night. Tempers flared as the

members of the group wrestled with the issues. How could the mission break promise with these eager boys and girls who crowded their schools? What would this do to the students' and parents' trust in the missionaries and to their Christian faith? Would the Japanese accept the students from the Christian schools or would they be discriminated against? If the mission gave in on this issue, would it be only a matter of time until some other excuse would be trumped up to interfere with their work? How could they not teach Bible in a Christian school?

The final vote came to close the schools. No one was happy with the decision. Curtis was crushed. "It looks like the Lord keeps slamming the door in my face!" he told Florence in his heartache for the boys he had come to love. "I feel like giving up and going back to America. Maybe there is work for me to do there. How about it, have you had enough?"

Florence was in tears. She shared the depth of his discouragement. She knew also that he was not a quitter. Her dry sense of humor helped. "You remember, you didn't want to do school work? Well, what are you complaining about? You don't have to anymore!"

"You rascal," he grinned, his balance restored, "I need you to keep me on the track. We'll just see what opens up next. I'm sure the Lord will think of something. We'll wait on him as the Good Book says."

They didn't have long to wait. The next American mail brought news that Mr. Watts was sending three Model T Fords for missionary itineration. Curtis was given the use of one and the care of the other two since he was the only mechanic in South Chulla. He found several

eager former students ready to train. Setting them up in business as the first garage in Soonchun was pure pleasure.

Mr. Park was not pleased. His years of conditioned politeness only thinly veiled his irritation. These Foreigners! The missionaries were no better than the Islanders! Why wouldn't the outside world leave Korea alone? His two children had suddenly learned that their schools would be closed. What a fool thing to do to children--get their hopes and expectations aroused only to quit midstream! Now what?

Curtis had come to the Park home in response to a curt note from Mr. Park demanding an explanation. He had wanted to visit this magnetic gentleman since their first meeting when Hon Sic was enrolled. He had looked forward to getting acquainted with this free and independent thinker, but had not meant to be summoned to account like a bad school boy. He found the role uncomfortable. What could he say or do to make him understand? How could he help Hon Sic and Mong Nai?

"What did you come here for in the first place?" Mr. Park was blunt. "It is no way to take advantage of the young by giving them hopes for an education and then suddenly close the school doors. You say you teach love; is this an expression of it?"

"You are absolutely right. Had I known this would happen, we would never have built schools and offered education. The schools in

Chunju and Kwangju, the provincial capitals, were recognized with Bible teaching. We had no idea our friends, the Japanese, would decide to make a test case of us."

"Your friends, maybe, but not our friends! Vile Islanders!"

"At least we share some feelings," Curtis's smile eased the tension between them. "The issue right now is how to help the children continue their education. I have one or two suggestions if you will hear them."

"Well, I am willing to listen. It's time you came up with something."

"I need not tell you that Hon Sic is an unusually intelligent boy. Like his father, he is a natural leader. If you are willing to send him, I can place him in the accredited boys' school in Chunju, or in one of the good Christian schools in Seoul. Both of these have good dormitories and strict supervision. I am willing to go with him and see that he is comfortably settled if you wish it."

Mr. Park studied this young man. In spite of recent happenings, he was drawn to him. There was a certain fire in him that he found compelling.

"I believe you would do just that. I know nothing about any of these schools and do not like to send my son away from home so young. But, I know if he stays here the Islanders will force him to attend their school and this I cannot tolerate. If he is to go, I think I prefer to send him to Seoul. There he should get the best education that our country offers. Tell me more about the school you recommend."

Curtis had come prepared with a catalog and pictures as well as firsthand knowledge of the new Christian University's prep school. They found themselves together trying to find the best solution to Hon Sic's education. Time slipped by as they talked. Mr. Park ordered tea. It was growing late.

"You haven't asked of my suggestion for Mong Nai," Curtis reminded.

"Oh, she's just a girl. We will arrange a marriage soon. She has learned to read a little. That should be enough." Mr. Park felt this was no problem.

"My wife has offered to teach her in our home. She is an artist and can give her lessons in art and lacemaking as well." Curtis persisted, "She is also a very bright child and could use a good education.

Mr. Park was taken aback with this generous offer. He was used to making offers and handing out favors. Receiving was difficult for him.

"What are you trying to do, bribe us into your new faith?"

"No, Mr. Park, that I am not. I will gladly invite and share, but never pressure or bribe. I am offended that you would consider my offer in this light. I guess there is nothing more to say. I must be going."

"Wait now, **don't** be so hasty. I thank you for your offer and do not take it lightly. I will consider it and send you word. I am grateful to you for your interest in my children and I am counting on your taking Hon Sic to Seoul as soon as you can make arrangements. You're not so bad after all," he laughed, "not a bit like the Islanders--your friends."

They parted in good spirits. A friendship had begun. Each had met his match and liked the challenge of this relationship.

Mrs. Oh rocked back and forth on her cushion on the polished floor of the Crane's living room as she sang softly to baby Elizabeth Letitia.

"What a beautiful child you are! Your hair is almost as black as ours. Your eyes will be very dark. Too bad you are another girl. But, your father loves you in spite of this misfortune. Remarkable. Fortunate child, sleep peacefully.!"

Florence, whose language ear was improving, had to chuckle at Mrs. Oh's oblique way of communication. She and Curtis were indeed happy over the birth of Lillian's little sister, Letitia. They had named her for Curtis's mother's.

"Mrs. Oh, you are good to come and share our joy in the birth of our second daughter. I seem to hear some sorrow in your voice. Is something troubling you? You cannot be this sad over our new baby."

Mrs. Oh returned Letitia to her mother and began the traditional moan, "Ai Go, Ai Go." Her sobs shook her small frame.

"Tell me plainly the trouble so that I can understand. You are my friend and we must share." Florence listened attentively.

"It's my son, my only son, father of my precious grandson Hyung Jay. My son did not see the notice about paying taxes on our fields. The Islanders, snakes, came and told him the land was theirs and that he must pay them rent. When he did not have the money, they took him off to jail. Ai Go, Ai Go. What will become of him? What will become of us?" Her sobbing began again. "Sorrow, your name is woman!"

Florence was shocked. She had been so wrapped up in her home and babies that she had not known of this new move on the part of the Japanese. She called Curtis from his study.

Mrs. Oh, almost hysterical, cried, "Pastor Crane, please help us! We have nowhere to turn."

Curtis had known about the situation, but he did not know it had hit Mrs. Oh's family. What could he do? His stock was not very high with the local officials. He could pay this rent, but there would be many, many more. He comforted Mrs. Oh. "There are two things we must do. We must pray for guidance as to what to do, then we must have the courage to do it. Are you willing to take this risk?"

"What is the world could a poor widow do against the powerful Japanese?"

"Well, I believe the power of Christ is greater even than the Japanese." Curtis did not realize that in days to come he would test this for himself. "Let's ask and listen." In simple faith they prayed.

After Mrs. Oh's departure, Curtis and Florence searched for ways to help.

"The courts are all Japanese-controlled, so that's out. If only we had some neutral party who could represent us," Curtis mused.

"There must be someone who would risk exposure."

Lost in thought, Curtis did not hear the first knock. A bearer had a note from Fairman asking him to come to his study for a conference. Absentmindedly he reached for his hat and walked across the compound, still working with Mrs. Oh's problem.

"Curtis, how much Japanese have you picked up?" Fairman asked.

"Enough to read the headlines and carry on a little business. Why?"

"You have heard me speak of the Saitos? They are the only Japanese Christians in Soonchun. He taught in our Chunju school until he became too ill with tuberculosis. After his death, Mrs. Saito and her son moved here. I don't know the reason. They are isolated from the Japanese community because of their faith and from the Koreans because of their nationality. Her son is in advanced stages of T. B. Dr. Rogers was called to their home and he told me about them. They need a pastor. I simply cannot communicate with them. Could you go?"

"Of course," Curtis's response was quick with sympathy.

"Strange that this call should come on the heels of our visit from Mrs. Oh. You have heard her son has been imprisoned for failure to pay rent on his own property?"

"Yes, I have heard and he is not the only one. This is a systematic move to take over this rich farming valley. I am going to Seoul this week to see what if anything can be done from the legal angle to stop it. These are troubled times. Have you heard the latest was news from Europe? It looks like America will be at war very shortly."

Mrs. Saito bowed low. "Please come in. You honor us by your presence. Yes, I have heard of you. You are the new missionary with gifted tongue. Can you understand my Japanese?"

"Speak slowly, and I will try. I am grieved to hear of your son's illness."

"Yes, like his father, his lungs are weak and the sickness is strong." She led the way into a little room opening onto a small beautifully groomed garden. "Sanji, this is Pastor Crane."

In the small sick room Curtis knelt by Sanji's pallet. Words he had hardly realized that he knew came to him to frame a picture of "the land that is fairer than day." The boy's faint smile spoke understanding.

From the other side of the pallet, Mrs. Saito reached for Sanji's hand and Curtis took the other as Sanji, still smiling peacefully, crossed over to the other side.

"The Lord sent you at this moment. You are the answer to my cry." Mrs. Saito's gentle voice was calm.

The missionary community served as family to the lonely widow, taking care of all necessary arrangements. It helped them to realize that God is no respecter of persons and that he called his children from all races and clans. Sp

Some days later Mrs. Saito called at the Crane home with a gift of an exquisite Samari porcelain vase, one of her few treasures, to express her appreciation. Florence and Curtis loved this tiny brave woman who was so very alone. Florence offered to teach her English. As the lessons progressed, their friendship grew.

Mrs. Saito knew of the move to take the land from the Korean farmers. "Is there any way that I could help, being Japanese? I would not be so conspicuous going into the police station."

Curtis looked at Florence. Here was their answer. Through Mrs. Saito as courier, they were able anonymously to pay the fine to free Mrs. Oh's son and many others who had come under the same fate. Mrs. Oh never learned how her prayer was answered, but she told all she knew of her son's miraculous release.

Great was the excitement on Soonchun station compound. The Watts were coming to visit! They had not seen their station since its completion, so each missionary was anxious that everything be in order. It was decided that they would stay at the Cranes' since their guest room had most recently been painted. Meals would be in the different homes with a big station dinner party at the Prestons'!

On the night of the station dinner, Florence came down with a sick headache and felt she could not go. Curtis urged her to keep a lamp

burning in the front hall and upstairs, so that they would not come back to a darkened house. But, she fell asleep and forgot.

After a very awkward return in the dark, the Cranes could hear through the guest room walls, "It's bad enough for them to have to live and work in heathendom, they should not have to stumble around in the dark," Mrs. Watts stormed.

"All right, my dear, I will give them a Delco generator and order it in the morning," Mr. Watts replied comfortingly.

In later years the stations' members often jokingly referred to their prized Delco as "Florence's headache's blessing."

Mong Nai found her private lessons with Mrs. Crane the high point in her week. It opened for her a whole new world. Some of her excitement she shared with her mother, but found her preoccupied and not too responsive; so she began to confide in Jade.

Jade had come to learn that the number two wife in the Park household was a lonely role. Mrs. Park was unfailingly courteous and kind, but icily remote. Mong Nai was caught between being loyal to her mother and intrigued with the lovely young woman nearer her age. When her mother was in her room, she found herself going to visit Jade who was genuinely glad to see her. Jade was delighted to hear of the new and

interesting ways of the American foreigners. She had never met anyone of another race.

"What's wrong?" Jade could tell that Mong Nai was upset.

"Oh, Jade, the beautiful baby, Letitia is very ill. Mrs. Crane was too busy with her to give me a lesson. Do you think she will die?"

"I hope not, Mong Nai. You know how many of our babies die. Almost every home has lost at least one baby. You mustn't be too upset."

Indeed the Crane family was no exception, and Letitia lost her fight with pneumonia and died at three months. She was buried with the Coit children in the cemetery on the hill. Grief, the great common denominator, drew response from Soonchun Christians and non-Christians alike. Florence and Curtis were comforted by this outpouring of support. No longer were they aliens in a foreign land. They belonged and were at home in Soonchun.

Mong Nai was insistent, "Mother, please go with me to see Mrs. Crane. She has been so good to teach me and I loved her pretty baby. She let me hold her and play with her."

Mrs. Park understood this but felt a natural reserve and timidity to call on someone whom she had only met once at a time of bereavement.

"Mong Nai, it's not that I don't sympathize with and admire Mrs.

Crane. I do feel for her, but I think it's unbecoming for a stranger like me to call on her at this time. Our peonies are in bloom; take her some from me."

"I don't want to go by myself, but I do want to go. May I ask Jade?"

Mrs. Park was caught off guard, but she would not retract her stand.

"Yes, ask Jade to go with you, but don't insist."

The next afternoon Jade and Mong Nai, fortified with peonies, climbed the hill to the Cranes.

Florence had difficulty understanding Mon Nai's relationship to Jade, but she was instantly drawn to her. "I didn't know you had an older sister, Mong Nai. Why didn't you tell me?"

"She's not my sister, Teacher. She's my father's new wife."

Florence knew that polygamy was practiced by well-to-do Koreans who could afford more than one wife, but she had never met a second wife. It gave her quite a jolt to meet someone in this relationship who was so attractive. Jade's natural charm and friendliness made her at ease and she found herself wanting to know her better.

"Please come back with Mong Nai any time," she invited. "Maybe you, too, would like to learn to read."

"Oh, Mrs. Crane, would you teach me? I am so lonely much of the time. If I could read, my life would be brightened."

On the way home, Mong Nai and Jade discussed how they would break this news to Mrs. Park. They decided to ask Mr. Park first.

The two Korea Crane families were spending a few days at Crescent Beach before Curtis, Florence and four-year-old Lillian left for their first furlough. This moon-shaped stretch of sand had never been settled like myriads of others that spangled the inland Sea of Japan. A rented Korean junk transported weary missionaries to this quiet paradise of sun, sand, and shells lying ten miles off the coast and about the same distance from Soonchun. Shelters of thatched roof supported by poles and curtained with canvas gave privacy to army cots. Mosquito nets and drums of water were essential. Cooking was done camp-style on the beach. Fishing and shrimping, crabbing and clamming furnished entertainment and gourmet meals. Oysters in season were a special treat.

The two families had gathered to watch the stars after one such feast on army blankets on the beach. Paul and Curtis had had a beginners' course in astronomy. With a lantern and a map of the heavens, they felt in tune with the ancients.

Florence and Katherine talked of more earthly matters--clothes for furlough. Two little cousins, Lillian and Effie, chased lightning bugs and squealed over shooting stars. Katherine and Paul's baby, Paul, Jr., slept peacefully on a nearby cot.

"There's something brewing," Paul remarked. "I feel a new tension and excitement among my Korean friends. I would certainly like to get to the bottom of it."

"I've noticed it too," Curtis agreed. "I think from Mr. Park's veiled hints, it has some connection with Wilson's fourteen points for the League of Nations. But I can't make the connection. You're right,

there's a spirit of hope I have not felt since we came. In a way, I wish we were not going on furlough this summer. I don't want to miss whatever is stirring."

"It's like sitting on a volcano. I'm glad you're leaving, not me. I'll keep you posted, Old Boy. I don't know how or what shape this stirring will take, but I aim to be there when it happens."

Even from outside the walls, the villagers could tell that there was something special going on in the Park household. For several days bearers had been going and coming. A cartload of rice wine crocks had been delivered. Hon Sic had arrived by the new Model T "bus" from Seoul for his school holidays. But there was more the villagers suspected.

Most careful plans had been laid to conceal from the villagers and especially the all-prying eyes of the Japanese police this secret meeting. There was something big in the air. Members of the planning group arrived singly during the rush hours of the day or in the pre-dawn light to avoid notice. Finally, all ten were gathered in Mr. Park's guest house. Hon Sic served the ceremonial wine in order not to involve a servant.

"Gentlemen and friends, you know why we are gathered. You are

aware that meetings like this are taking place in every township in our oppressed land. Only the protection of our ancestors will keep the Japanese police asleep to our plans. I need not tell you that our lives depend on your discretion in silence on this matter." Mr. Park's voice was very low but his eyes sparkled with excitement. "Draw closer while I give you the details of our plans."

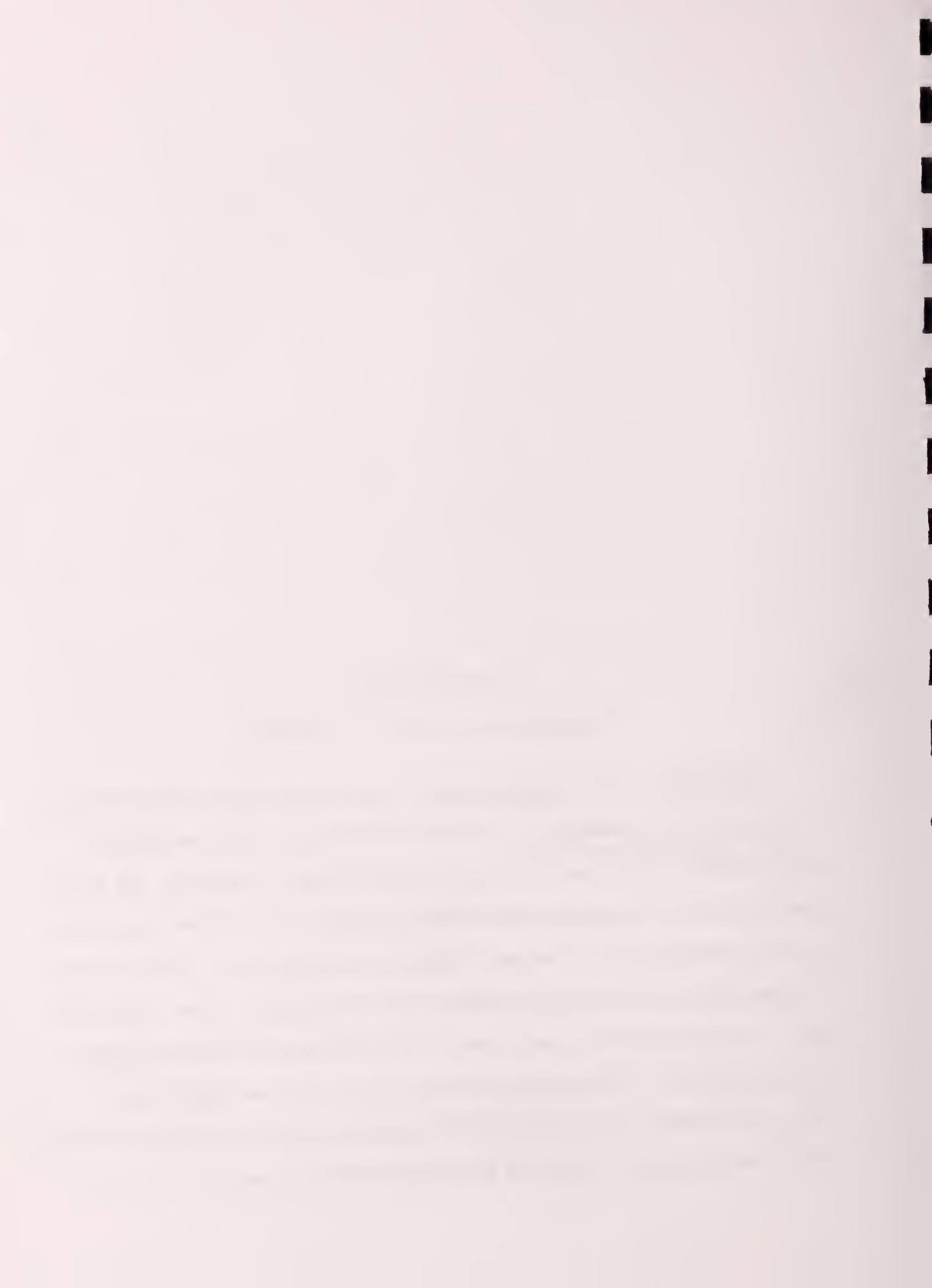
The hours passed as hushed voices communicated the secret day and hour and details of importance. The group drank a toast, clasped hands in a vow of loyal support even to death. Then, one by one they slipped out into the night without a lantern. By morning all was quiet again.

Hon Sic and his father ate their morning rice in customary silence. Each knew without saying, that the bond between them was made of hoops of iron--love and fear. They also sensed that their time together was probably short.

CHAPTER TWO

"Wings like Eagles." Is. 40:31 b

The ancient tub, S. S. Monteagle, was said to be fit only to transport pine logs and missionaries. It was old when the Cranes boarded her for ^{their first furlough and} what the captain was to call his roughest trip. Mid-ocean, the ship encountered an unannounced but virulent typhoon. For three days great volcano-shaped waves rose and crashed over the decks. In spite of all engines full speed ahead, the Monteagle was not able to make a forward knot. Meanwhile, the crew as well as the passengers fought the battle of seasickness. Florence had to take to her berth, leaving Curtis, also a bit wobbly, to keep up with lively four-year-old Lillian who seemed to suffer not at all. While the dishes slid from one railed side of the



of the table to the other, he courageously coaxed her to eat her oatmeal by telling her fairy tales.

After one such session, they paused on deck to chat with the captain who was not feeling too well himself. Lillian took advantage of the situation and set off to explore the ship. When Curtis turned, she had completely disappeared. About that time another giant wave washed the deck. There was sudden panic. A ship's alarm was sounded. People came creeping out of their cabins fearing the worst. Still no sign of Lillian's red curls. After what seemed an eternity, a deaf Japanese prizefighter brought her up from steerage. He had not heard the alarm and was highly entertaining to and entertained by the child.

The storm passed and a two-day stop in Hawaii revived both passengers and crew. The island never looked more enchanting. Hopes rose as they set out for the "good old USA." Patriotic Curtis was thrilled to sail into San Francisco's beautiful harbor. He tried to explain to his young daughter about the wonders and grandeur of his native America. She was wide-eyed with excitement but asked, puzzled, "Daddy, where are the people?" The press of Korea's population made San Francisco streets seem almost deserted.

A homecoming welcome awaited the Cranes at the end of their long, sooty, transcontinental train trip to Oxford, Mississippi's, small railroad station. Friends and relatives made them realize that they had been gone a long time and very far away. Re-entry into the quiet life of a small southern town was at once pleasant and painful. Pleasant to be back with people they loved, but painful to realize how their experiences



had stretched them. Their friends would never again quite understand what made them tick. To them, those "heathens" were objects of charity rather than real people with gifts to offer.

Their arriving physical exams, required by the Committee of Foreign Missions, confirmed what Florence had suspected: that her seasickness was the beginning of another pregnancy. This meant Curtis would have to do most of the visitation of churches alone. However, they were happy in anticipation and laughed, "Just think, we will have one American-born child--who knows, he could be president."

For Curtis, returning to Yazoo City brought back the shock of grief for his father who had died while Curtis was in Korea. Home was not here any more. He could not forget the problems and tensions he had left in Soonchun. He found himself restless for word of what was brewing when he left. He realized for the first time that he now lived in two worlds. Could his heart be stretched to encompass each with love?

Hon Sic's farewell to his father was filled with foreboding.

"You will be careful, my son. You know we have no other to take your place."

"Yes, Father, but you would not like for me to fail to do my part in our nation's desperate cry for freedom. I cannot believe that the

Islanders will not get wind of our plans. There surely is at least one whose palm can be greased. If, however, we do surprise them, their anger will be more fierce and we will have tigers on our backs. I am sure many of us will pay with our lives. I am ready to make this sacrifice. I only hope our cry will be heard."

"I wish I were younger, son, and could go in your place. The Ancestors! Spirits be with you. Please get us word if you can. Go in peace."

In small groups, people began a pilgrimage to Seoul, ostensibly to pay respect to the old Emperor on his funeral day, March 5. The local police were not alarmed for it seemed a harmless gesture of nostalgia. What they did not suspect was the secret, silent united effort for a peaceful protest demonstration to call the world's attention to their rigid oppression by the Japanese. Inspired by President Woodrow Wilson's famous Fourteen Points and the organization of a League of Nations, "to provide for the freedom of a small nation; to prevent the domination of small nations by big ones,"¹ they hoped the world, and especially America, would hear and help.

Hon Sic and his classmates at the Chosen Christian College worked into the night to finish the pamphlets of the declaration which they

would distribute as they marched in the giant demonstration on the next day, March 1. The date had been moved up from March 4 because of a rumor that their plans had been leaked to the police. The group worked silently, knowing full well what might happen. The very word "police" meant torture and brutality. They were sure some of them would pay with their lives. Hon Sic wasn't really afraid, but he hoped their effort would not fail to call the world's attention to their plight. He read again lines from the declaration:

"We herewith proclaim the independence of Korea and the liberty of the Korean people. We tell it to the world in witness of the equality of all nations and we pass it on to our posterity as their inherent right. We make this proclamation having back of us 5,000 years of history, and 20,000,000 of a united loyal people. We take this step to insure to our children for all times to come, personal liberty in accord with the awakening consciousness of this new era. This is the clear leading of God, the moving principle of the present age, the whole human race's just claim. It is something that cannot be stamped out, or stifled, or gagged, or suppressed by any means..."²

He thought of the brave thirty-three men who had chosen martyrdom, led by blind Pastor Kil of a Presbyterian church in the north. They would go to the Pagoda Restaurant in Seoul, have a meal together, sign the declaration and dispatch it to the governor general. Then they would call the police to come and get them. This was to herald the general street demonstration of crowds waving forbidden Korean flags and shouting, "Mansei" Long live the Korean People. There was to be no violence on their part even when attacked by the police.

The boys finished their work, locked hands in a pledge of loyalty and slipped out into the moonlit streets.

"Curtis, you're not enjoying this furlough," Florence's anxiety showed. "You needed this rest and change, but you cannot seem to let go the tensions of Korea. They were there before we came and I believe the country will survive without you."

"It takes my girl to help me get things in perspective!" Curtis's ready sense of humor responded, "Yes, I know I'm not at all important. I just want to know what is breaking out there. Wish Paul would write."

Paul's letter finally came giving a vivid account of the happenings in Kunsan.

"For days the school boys and teachers had been working to make Korean flags and copies of the Declaration of Independence for this demonstration scheduled for market day, March 6th. The police had put pressure on one of the weaker hospital workers and were on to the plans. On March 5th, ten policemen showed up at the school to arrest the teachers. They confiscated the flags and leaflets which they found. As they handcuffed the teachers and were leading them off to jail, they were mobbed by the entire student body, shouting, 'You'll have to take us too.' The police were unprepared for anyone wanting to go to jail. They

set off down the road with the teachers, followed by the school boys who grabbed the flags and marched, shouting, 'Mansai' Long live Korea! When the procession passed the hospital, the clinic waiting room, hospital helpers and personnel dropped what they were doing and joined the crowd shouting, 'If you take the teachers, we go too.'

"The police, losing control, pulled their pistols and threatened to shoot. Some of the boys bared their chests and taunted, 'Shoot! Shoot!'

"The prison was packed like cattle cars with the crowd. No one could sit. The air was stifling. There was no water or food. Some were tortured with burning hot irons and hot water poured down their nostrils. After twenty-four hours, most were released, but not before some were beaten. Ten were held as instigators and we do not know their fate.

"My heart goes out to them. The spirit of independence is as strong as in the French Revolution or our own, but without power, unless they are heard from the outside, all they can expect is reprisals and more severe oppression. There is some hostility extended toward missionaries as a by-product. They blame us for renewing hope in their spirits by telling them of the liberating Gospel. What do we do now? Would it have been better had we not come? I need you, Brother Curtis, to talk this through."

"Curtis, you will have to pull yourself together enough to come and



speak to these ministers who have invited you to preach at Presbytery. Florence's voice was urgent. Ever since Paul's letter had come, he had withdrawn to their room unable to enter into what seemed to him the trivial happenings on the campus. His brothers in Christ were suffering. He felt partially responsible and was unable and inadequate to help except by fasting and prayer.

"I know, I'll come, but what can I say to churches at a time like this?"

Into this atmosphere of doubt and depression, the cable came: "We deeply regret to announce the death of your brother and Mrs. Eugene Bell by automobile accident reported by cable dated April 2nd Mr. Bell and Mrs. Crane returning at once letter follows...SH. Chester"

Weeks later the particulars came. Paul was driving his beloved Model T. Mrs. Bell was in the front seat and Rob Knox in the back. A hard rain had necessitated the putting on of the isinglass curtains. Because of the rain, they had not heard the approaching train before it rounded the bend. The train had failed to blow its whistle. The blinding lights showed them there was not time to escape. Paul and Mrs. Bell were killed instantly. Rob lost an eye from splintered glass from the windshield. Katherine and babies, Effie and Paul were on their way back to America.

The keen biting edge of grief cut again to the heart, opening to Curtis and Florence a dimension of sorrow and loss that they had not known before. So many questions lay before them unanswered. Why Paul? This beautiful, gifted and dedicated young man, so full of joy

and life? What will become of Katherine? How will she cope with the tragedy? Curtis had not only lost a brother, but a soul-mate. As they struggled to deal with their bereavement, the healing power of the Spirit ministered to them, enlarging their understanding of others in the valley.

At the railroad station in Atlanta, a small group gathered to meet Katherine. There were her parents, the Rowlands, Janet and handsome young William Earl Crane and Curtis and Florence. Katherine, more beautiful, had also grown in this tragic experience. She met them undefeated. She would make her home with her parents in Athens, Georgia, for awhile, until other ways of service were opened to her.

(in Soonchun)

Jade and Mong Nai were working with silkworm cocoons. Mong Nai had learned the skill from Mrs. Crane at the Girl's School. They dropped the cocoons in vats of boiling water which loosened the fine silk webs. These they wound on spindles to be twisted together to make silk thread. Homemade dyes of herbs produced vivid colors for their fine embroidery. Mong Nai was embroidering a cushion for her father and Jade was working on a tiny jacket for her baby who was to be born in early summer.

"I miss Mrs. Crane," sighed Mong Nai. "I wonder what it's like in America? Do you think they will ever come back to Soonchun?"

"You are full of wondering today, Mong Nai. The Cranes said they would be back in the fall and I believe them. They have begun too much to leave. You have heard the good news that the schools are to be reopened in the fall. Do you plan to go?" Jade asked.

"Yes, I heard the new Japanese Governor-General, Baron Saito, is not opposed to the missionaries and that permission to reopen the schools has been granted. I'm happy about that. There are new missionaries coming out to head the schools. They say the lady principal at the girls' school is taller than most men and her name is 'Meta Bigger.'" They both laughed at the pun.

"The man to run Maison Boys' School, Mr. Unger, thinks everyone should learn a trade. He will open a brass-making shop. I wonder if it will keep the Yong Bons from going since working with their hands is for coolies." Jade was thoughtful.

"If honorable Father weren't so sad these days over Hon Sic, I would ask him. He blames the missionaries for raising hopes of our freedom and the Americans for not coming to our help."

"We are all sad over the arrest and imprisonment of Hon Sic. Ten years is a long time out of a young man's life. He did what he thought was right to protest. I hope the new Governor will be releasing them sooner," Jade said with a prayer under her breath.

The birth of a plump, healthy baby boy brought the Cranes out of their discouragement. The Lord was still in control of His world. There was work to do and a fine son promised renewed hope.

"We'll name him Paul," Curtis affirmed. What if it is confusing to have two Pauls, first cousins? "I could wish nothing better for him than that he grow to be like my brother..." Paul was a happy, laughing child, winning friends wherever they went.

Curtis's way with words and keen enthusiasm made him a popular missionary speaker. Much of the furlough year for him was spent on the train. Florence had not been able to join him, but a visit to their supporters, the Watts, was in the nature of a command performance. With much paraphernalia they set out with the children for Durham, North Carolina. The last layover was in Greensboro. Curtis persuaded Florence to leave Paul in their room in the care of the floor maid while they went to the dining room for a quick meal. They returned to find Paul and the maid gone. In a frenzy, Curtis went to call the police. Florence paced the hall. From a closed door she heard Paul's baby laugh. Without knocking, she pushed open the door. There was Paul, the center of an admiring group of loudly dressed men and women.

"You've got my baby!" Florence screamed.

"Oh, take it easy, sister," one gum-chewing bawdy replied. "We heard the baby cry. We seen your baggage and figured you's show folks. We's show folks, too, so we thought we'd help you out."

The visit to the Watts' was a special treat for all Soonchun missionaries. What to take as a gift became more and more of a problem

✓ as the Watts' house became filled with Korean brass. In conversation with Mrs. Watts, Florence found he shared her love of wild flowers. She decided to leave him her water color collection. He was pleased.

"I'll treasure it," he told her. "Keep on with your painting and we'll publish it some day."

Letters from Korea took nearly a month by slow boat travel. They were a welcome treat. Mr. Park's letter written in classical Korean script and addressed in Fairman's fine hand was no exception.

"I wish to comfort you on the sudden death of your brother. You were not here to bury him with proper respect, which added to your sorrow. I have told you these driving machines were dangerous, but no matter.

"We also have had our sorrows. My son, Hon Sic, was arrested during our futile demonstration in Seoul and was sentenced to ten years in prison. If his body lives, his spirit will be broken. We should have known your President Wilson was just making fine words! He and your country had no intention of coming to the help of 'small oppressed countries'! Much effort, heartache and many lives have been wasted! Why did you come telling us of a God of love, giving us hope?

"In spite of my anger and frustration, I miss you, my friend, if only to quarrel with. Please come back.

"I was glad to learn your God has given you a fine son to bring you comfort. My ancestors have lifted my grief with a son also, born to Jade. We named him Hon Won (Heaven's gift). I hope our sons will become friends. May they together help to build a better world."

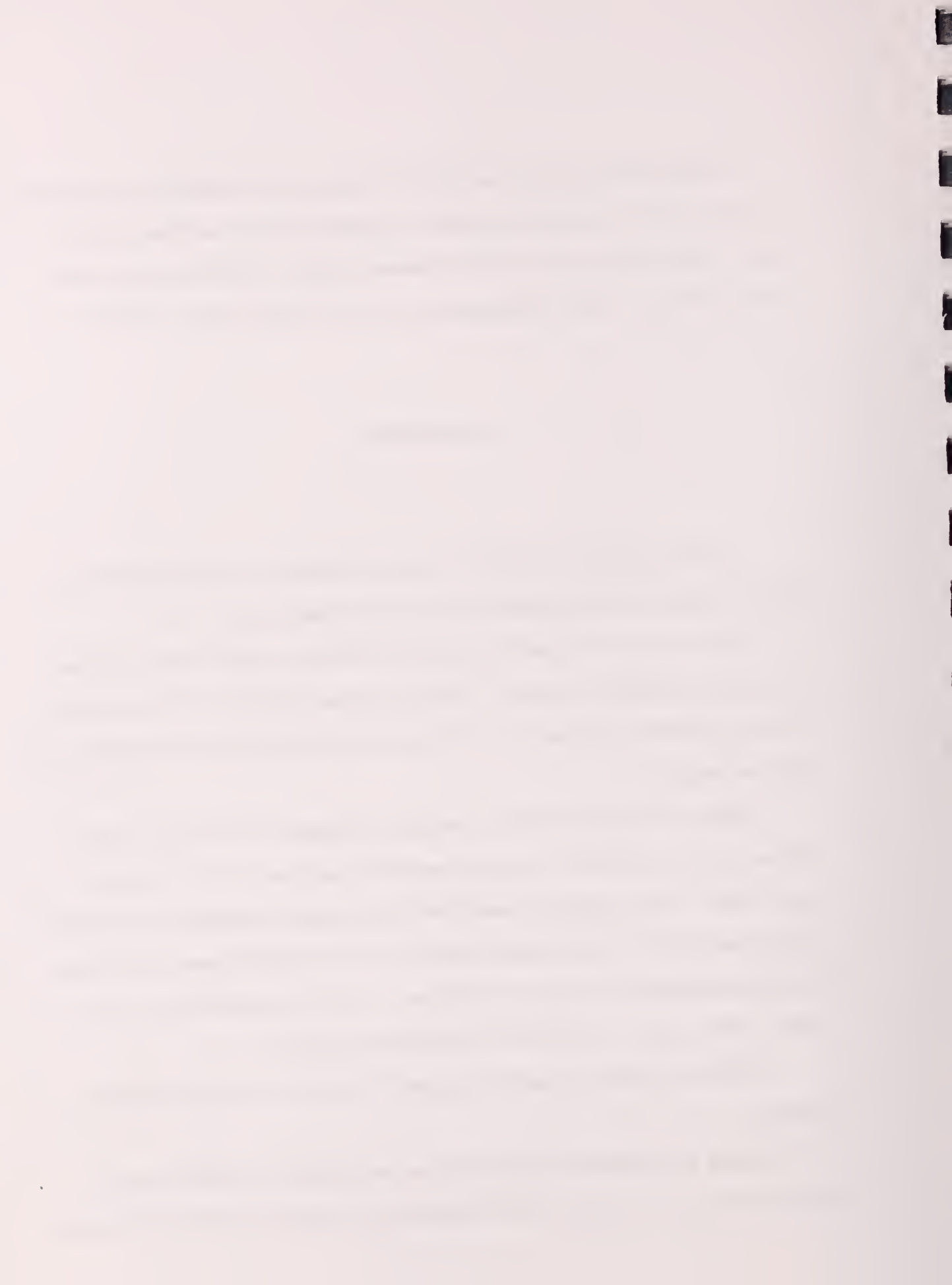
Janet Crane was visiting Curtis and Florence at the Hedlestons. After supper they sat together on the wide front porch.

"Sis," Curtis began, "there is a call for a music teacher in the large girls' school in Chonju. Come, go back with us. We need you; and you, I think, need us especially now that William Earl is grown and Paul is gone."

Janet had just decided to break her engagement because of his serious drinking problem with the man she had been in love with for some time. "Oh, Curtis, I don't feel I am needed anywhere anymore! I don't really want to go so far away from everybody I have ever known to work with people I can't even talk to. But, if you think it's a good idea, I will apply. I'm tired of making decisions."

With this reluctant beginning, Janet returned with the Cranes to Korea.

Being a missionary was never as exciting for her as it was for her brothers, but in time she learned to love and be loved by her many



students who played and led music in churches all over South Korea. Summers and holidays were spent with the Cranes. Lillian and Paul loved her, calling her, "Jaja."

Returning from furlough was a happy experience for the Cranes. They really felt they were coming home. Missionaries and Korean friends alike made them feel that they had been missed and that they were needed.

Mrs. Oh puffed as she climbed the hill to the Cranes. She had not thought to live to see these friends again. She must hold that boy baby one time.

Mrs. Crane came down the steps to meet her.

"My dear friend, Mrs. Oh, how glad I am to see you! You should not have walked. My husband would have come for you in our car."

"Ride in that contraption! I'm not that eager for heaven. Thank you, but my legs still carry me with the help of this stick."

As they climbed the steps, Mrs. Oh asked, "Am I still welcome to sit on the floor?"

"You may sit anywhere you like and I want you to hold our son and sing him a Korean lullaby. Lillian will want to see you, too. She asked about you often while we were away."

Florence learned from Mrs. Oh much of the village news. Mrs. Oh was especially proud of her grandson, Hyung Jay. "If you had not sent him to school in Chunju, he would never have won a scholarship for Chosen Christian College in Seoul. Now he wants to go to the Presbyterian Seminary in Pyengyang to become a minister! That's mighty far from home, but he tells me he is happy and will come back to South Chulla to preach. I had hoped he would marry and I would see a great-grandson before I die."

"Don't worry, the Lord will find him a fine wife when he is ready. I might help a little. Some of our Christian school girls would be pleased to be asked. In fact, I know of one lovely young woman, Park Mong Nai,"

"She is the daughter of our town's most important Yong Bon. She is too high born for my grandson. Her father would never consent!! Humming a little to baby Paul . . . "She would bring a large dowry. . ." she sang into the folk song.

Mong Nai and Jade sipped tea with Florence on the side porch. Jade had brought her baby, Hon Won, who was kicking happily with little Paul in the playpen.

"It's so good to see you girls again," Florence said with feeling. "I have missed you both. Jade, isn't it good that we were both given sons

to grow up together as friends? And Mong Nai, you have grown to be a young lady while I was away. You're so pretty!"

Mong Nai covered her face to hide a blush.

"She is beautiful," Jade agreed, "and such a loving spirit! I don't know what I would have done without her. Did you know we are both Christians in secret?"

"Isn't that dangerous? Mr. Park does not approve, does he? And how does your mother feel, Mong Nai?"

"No, Father does not approve. But my Mother likes for me to read the Bible to her. She is afraid to slip out and go to Church, but she has told Jade and me that she will look the other way when we go and will cover for us with Father if he becomes suspicious. He is so proud of Hon Won that Jade can do no wrong these days."

"Mrs. Park's heart has softened toward me, Mrs. Crane. It must be answered prayer. She is warm and very loving in her reserved way. We are a happy family except for our grief over Hon Sic," Jade sighed as she spoke.

"What do you hear from Hon Sic? We were so distressed to learn of his imprisonment," Florence's voice showed her concern.

"For awhile, he wrote Father. His letters were bitter over the failure of the Mansai movement. He laid the blame on America and the missionaries. He talked of suicide. Then, his last letter told of a communist guard in prison who wanted to take him to Russia. We have not heard since" Mong Nai broke off in tears.

"My husband has written the new Governor General of Korea,

Baron Saito, for word from him. He had a reply that Hon Sic had escaped and had not been found. There is now a price on his head." Jade's grief was real.

Florence tried to comfort as she could and they prayed together for Hon Sic.

Curtis and Mr. Park sat together on the Park's study porch looking out on the lotus pond, as the ginko tree reflected to gold of the evening sun. They had talked of many things, comforting each other's sorrow and challenging each other's faith. Hon Sic's disappearance had dealt Mr. Park a deep wound. The doors seemed to be closed on further search. Yet he would not believe his son was dead.

"You are so sure of things, Crane, tell me how and why this should happen to me. Am I being punished for defying your God?"

"No, my God is a God of love and mercy. Sometimes our own inclinations and willful desires bring their own punishment. This is different. Hon Sic was a loyal patriot. He really gave himself for his country. He was willing to die. But, he did not die. I believe he is alive, probably in Russia as you suspect, and I believe you will see him again someday. I may be a fool, but I have hope and will pray for the Lord to guide us in this."

Park was touched, "You would do that, wouldn't you? There is a power in your faith that attracts me. When, however, I think of going to church and sitting next to coolies on the floor as one of them, my pride will not consent. I am above them and I cannot understand a God who is no respecter of persons. What about our ancestors?"

"Our Christ told the parable of the talents. To each of three servants he gave different amounts of money to invest. Each was to use what he had to make more. They were not alike. He dealt with each according to his gifts or talents. So, God deals with you. You have much; therefore, he expects more from you. He may just be asking you to give him your pride," Curtis challenged.

"Well, that's too much to ask, my friend. I would have nothing left. You may pray for me, but I will wait to become a servant to such a demanding God."

"Don't worry, friend, I do pray for you. You need the God of all comfort during your time of trial. But only you can accept him into your heart."

Their talk moved to lighter matters--their two wonderful sons. In spite of their differences, their friendship ran deep.

"Curtis, I have an idea," Florence's eyes twinkled.

"Watch out, I know it's going to cost me!" Curtis teased.

"Well, maybe. I am interested in being matchmaker between Mong Nai and Mrs. Oh's grandson, Hyung Jay."

"You must be kidding or you don't know Korean custom. They're not the same social class."

"I know that," Florence persisted. "But the Gospel is, among other things, a breaker-down of dividing walls."

"That's true, and they are both wonderfully fine young Christians. Mong Nai would be great as a preacher's wife. Whew! I can see old Park now! That would put an end to our friendship, I fear."

"Well, I know that is a risk. Would it be beyond the pale for them to meet accidentally in our living room?"

"Now, you have gone to meddling! I'll bet you have already set wheels in motion. We were not really called to be matchmakers. Fess up! What have you in mind?"

"I really didn't have to do anything. Mrs. Oh told me Hyung Jay was coming home for vacation and would be up to see us tomorrow afternoon. Mong Nai sent a note that she and Jade and the baby were coming tomorrow also. You see, the Lord arranged it for us!"

On the next afternoon Florence had tea and cookies ready. She

wondered who would come first and if she should prepare either for this broken custom meeting.

Jade, with her baby on her back and Mong Nai were laughing as they knocked. These two had become very close and enjoyed their excuse for an outing.

Florence approached the matter timidly. "After your note came we had another visitor who also wanted to call. We didn't tell him of your visit, because I wanted you two young people to meet. I know it is not proper Korean custom, but it is very good American custom so I thought I would risk offending you. He is Oh Hyung Jay, Mrs. Oh's grandson who is studying at the Seminary in Pyengyang, preparing to be one of the first Korean ministers in our area."

Jade looked at Mong Nai who hid her face with her tiny hands. "Is it all right, or would you rather leave? Mrs. Crane will understand either way, Mong Nai."

Mong Nai was suddenly shy. "I have heard Mrs. Oh speak of him and would like to meet him, but what would I say? I have never spoken to a man other than my Father and Hon Sic and, of course, the old gardener."

"You don't have to say anything unless you want to. Hyung Jay will probably be as shy as you. My husband and Jade and I will make the words."

Curtis was in his study by the front door and greeted Hyung Jay warmly, "Come into my study for a while and then my wife has some guests we would like you to meet."

Hyung Jay looked puzzled. "What would I know of woman's conversation? I came to discuss some theological questions that have been troubling me."

"Well, Hyung Jay, a minister is pastor of women as well as men. You must learn to talk their talk. However, this is a fine young woman we want you to meet for another reason."

Hyung Jay laughed, embarrassed. "You're not a matchmaker, are you? If so, I'm not ready for marriage until I have finished school and can support a wife. Who is your guest?"

"Park Mong Nai and Mr. Park's second wife, Jade."

"You must be out of your mind! I am of lowly parentage. My father's lands were confiscated. You know I have nothing to offer that family. Besides, she is not even a Christian."

"Well, you're wrong about the last. She is a Christian but was baptised in a small group meeting so that her father would not hear of it. I know she is of another class, but in our country that is not the most important thing. She is a strong, beautiful young woman with a good mind and a loving spirit. I have learned how much a true partner in marriage can mean to a minister."

Hyung Jay grinned. "Now, you have started something. I do want to meet her in spite of the odds."

"Come in, Hyung Jay," Florence invited as the two men crossed the hall. "We were just going to have some tea. I want you to meet Park Jade and Mong Nai and baby Hon Won playing with our baby, Paul. This is our daughter, Lillian. Do have a seat, won't you?"

The young people both seemed to find the floor the safest place to look and neither had a word to say. The silence was an invitation to Lillian who always had questions a'plenty.

"Hyung Jay, are you going to be a preacher like my daddy? Will you preach long sermons?"

Hyung Jay laughed, "I would never be a great preacher like your honorable Father, but I will try not to preach long sermons."

Tea was served and conversation eased. The young couple had little to say, but they were very much aware of each other.

Hyung Jay left first. He bowed politely to each in turn and murmured something about hoping to meet again.

"Did I offend you, Mong Nai?" Florence spoke with loving concern, "I hope you did not mind."

"You are most kind, dear Mrs. Crane. You know, however, my parents will arrange my marriage; and I am sure they will not consider Mrs. Oh's grandson, although, I will admit, I found him very interesting.

"Well, I should not have defied custom in this way. I think you two would have much in common, your faith, your spirit and your love for others."

Jade rose to go. Their farewells were more formal than usual.

"Oh, Curtis," Florence called after they had left, "I have made a big mistake and may have lost these two as friends."

"Don't worry, dear, you did what you did out of love and that is never a mistake. You may have planted a seed. We'll wait and see."

Mong Nai and her mother had been summoned to her father's study. They sat quietly waiting for Mr. Park to begin.

"Mong Nai, I need not tell you that you have come of marriagable age at sixteen. You are a fine young woman and I have arranged a good marriage for you with a young man of an old family who lives in Yesu. He is twenty years old and has a classical Korean education. He manages his father's farms and is very respected in the town. I hope he will make you a good husband."

Mong Nai sat very still. She had known this would happen some day, but she was not prepared. She was looking forward to going back to school in the fall and she wanted to have a Christian husband who would share her faith and be kind to her. In the back of her mind she carried the image of young Hyung Jay.

"Have you nothing to say, my child?" Mr. Park's voice was kind.

"Father, I had hoped to go on to school. I wanted to complete my education before I was married."

Her father cleared his throat. How complicated a simple thing like arranging a marriage could become! "I'm sorry, daughter, you have no need for further education. It will only make you dissatisfied. Look at Hon Sic. Marry and give me grandsons. That is a good life for a woman. Anyway, the arrangements are made. The wedding date is the first of next month. The go-between says that is a good sign. Your mother will help you get ready. You will have a good dowry."

Mong Nai was stunned. Only one more month at home! She had been so happy in this loving atmosphere. Suddenly, she was afraid.

What would her husband be like? What about her mother-in-law? Were there Christians in Yesu? How she would miss Jade and Mrs. Crane!

The wedding day arrived all too soon for Mong Nai. All was done according to ancient Korean Custom. A large tent had been set up in the courtyard. Much food had been prepared. Rice wine and cakes were in abundance. Mong Nai was bathed and dressed in her traditional wedding dress, a long red silk skirt over several white silk underskirts. Her green silk brocade jacket with its multi-colored sleeves and long red ties was carefully pressed. She felt like a stiff doll as she was dressed early in the day. Heavy rice powder covered her pretty complexion. Her eyelids were pasted to her cheeks so that she could not see. Her long black hair had been oiled and piled in a large coil at the nape of her neck. On her head was placed the small bright family marriage crown of fine embroidery and studded with jewels. Her hands were covered with linen sleeves. She was seated on a satin cushion to await the arrival of the bridegroom. She could neither eat nor drink before the wedding.

With drums and cymbals, the bridal party arrived. It was evident that the rice wine had made them merry for the occasion. The match-maker took over the ceremony. A small table was placed in the center of the courtyard, holding a bowl of rice for prosperity, plums for peace, and a live chicken for fertility. (The chicken and the rice had no trouble getting together.) The bride and groom were led to face each other across the table. The groom, dressed in black cloth boots and a long blue robe with a fine embroidered girdle of Phoenix birds for long

life, also wore a wedding hat of finest horse hair. He carried the family wooden duck, the sign of family fidelity. The master of ceremonies made a long speech about the illustrious virtues of the two families. Then wine cups were exchanged by the couple, each taking a sip. After this solemn moment, there was music and dancing by the men. Mong Nai was led back to sit on her cushion. After the groom and his party had feasted and drunk more than they needed, a sedan chair was ordered and Mong Nai, still with eyes shut, was led to it. Seated in it with curtains drawn, she was carried away without so much as a farewell greeting to her family.

From the first this was not a happy marriage. Her young husband was too fond of drink. When he was drunk, he became violent. Mong Nai, who had never had a hand laid on her in discipline, was to become accustomed to verbal and physical attacks leaving her bruised and humiliated. Her mother-in-law showed her no sympathy, but rather enjoyed seeing another woman suffer as she had during her long and turbulent marriage. Mong Nai spent much time in prayer but no answer seemed to come. Was there no way of escape?

Jade and Mong Nai had not been back to the Cranes since that ill-fated attempt at matchmaking on Florence's part. She had worried a

great deal about how to re-establish the relationship. When she looked out the window and saw Jade with Hon Won on her back coming up the walk, she was more than pleased.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Jade. I have missed you! But, where is Mong Nai?"

"Dear Mrs. Crane, I have missed you! It is because I need you that I have come today. Had you not heard? Mong Nai was married at the end of the summer. My husband made all the arrangements with a family in Yesu. Mong Nai was not happy about it, but we hoped that it would work out. However, I have had a letter from Mong Nai and I am so worried that I have come to you for help. Her husband is cruel and beats her. Her mother-in-law is very unkind and she is desperate. She is considering swallowing lye to kill herself. I told my husband about this, but he said he could not interfere, but there must be a way to save her. She is too young to die."

Florencé was shocked. How could this happen to her friend without her knowledge? "Poor child! We must do something. Wait, I will ask my husband." Florence went into the study and closed the door. Jade waited.

Curtis led the way from the study. "Jade, I greet you in sympathy. Yes, we must do something. We will get in the car and drive to Yesu this afternoon. Do you know the name of her husband's family?"

"Yes, I have it written here. Oh, I am so grateful to you. I've never been in a car, but I am willing to try it for Mong Nai."

On the way to Yesu they discussed how to approach this family.

It was decided that Jade would ask to see her to show her Hon Won. Finding the house, Curtis parked the car out of sight and Jade approached the gate on foot. It opened to her knock and she went inside. It was not long before she came running out. "Mong Nai has taken lye and is dying. Can we take her to the hospital in Soonchun?" Jade was in tears.

The young husband marched out the gate with Mong Nai unconscious on a stretcher borne by two coolies.

"What a wife she turned out to be! She is no good to us now! Take her. I never want to see her again!" With that, he turned and went back through the gate.

Curtis helped the men lift Mong Nai's limp body into the back seat. Jade held her head in her lap and Florence held Hon Won. The trip to Soonchun seemed forever.

Dr. Rogers was grave. "Yes, I think we can save her. Her esophagus is burned out with the lye. I will have to operate and repair what is left. If we can get enough fluids in her intravenously to keep her alive, she will make it. She is young and that is in her favor."

The next days and weeks were long as Mong Nai slowly came back to life. Jade and her mother stayed with her. Her father swallowed his pride and came to see her. His anger burned toward a family who would cause his child such unhappiness. Florence and Curtis visited her frequently.

The questions that hung unanswered in the air was what could Mong Nai do with her life. Her husband had cast her off. She would disgrace her family if she were to go home.

"What would you like to do, Mong Nai?" Florence asked as she sat by her hospital bed. "Others have decided for you; now it's your turn."

"I hadn't thought of it that way, but I like the sound of that." Mong Nai suddenly seemed to wake from a horrible dream. "I would like to get away from Soonchun and go to school."

"Now, that makes sense. Our mission has an excellent high school for girls in Chunju. There is a good dormitory. My husband's sister, Miss Crane, teaches music there. She would be your friend. I think we can arrange a scholarship for you if you do not wish to ask your father for money."

"Oh, would you? No, I am ashamed to ask him after I have disgraced him. I will work and repay you someday."

So, when Mong Nai was able to travel, the Cranes took her to Chunju and enrolled her in school. Janet promised to befriend her.

In the meantime much was happening in the Crane family. Their pattern of life revolved around Curtis's itinerating trips during the spring and fall. In the many villages and towns of South Chulla, people were most receptive to the good news of the Gospel. For those whose lives were bound by fear of evil spirits as well as the ever-present oppression of the Japanese, the news of a God of love and forgiveness brought daylight into their dark-shadowed world.

For days before a trip, No Jiki was busy in the kitchen baking bread and preparing food that would keep without refrigeration. It took most of a day to load the faithful Model T. There were Bibles and catechisms to sell, bedrolls and cots for Curtis and his faithful helper, Nom Wan, food boxes, large bottles of boiled water, a Coleman lantern, cooking utensils, and clothing. The car also served as a free taxi for sick people returning from the hospital and others needing a ride. These traveled heavily encumbered with bundles and live chickens and an occasional pig. On top of everything, two bicycles had to be tied for use where the car could not go. Then, a spare tire or two must be added somewhere handy. Faithful though it was, the car often rebelled from overweight and the rocky roads. Most trips were delayed as Curtis coaxed either motor or tires to keep going.

Trips were planned to visit regular meeting places where a few Christians gathered for prayer and Bible study. Catecumens (Christians in training) were examined and members were encouraged. Officers were trained. These young groups were started with three basic practices; regular meetings for prayer often at daybreak, weekly Bible study with a course worked out by Curtis and other missionaries, and tithing. Before a member was baptised, he or she had to bring at least one other person to Christ. Women who had no access to cash tithed their weekly allowance of rice, bringing it to church in small bags made for the purpose.

After the visits to established groups, Curtis and Nom Wan would leave the car and ride their loaded bicycles over mountain trails to

villages where no white person had ever been and where no word of Christianity had penetrated. It was no problem to gather a crowd. Curtis would tell the simple Gospel story, teach them a verse of a hymn, and answer questions. Gospel tracts in Korean and used Christmas cards and tracts sent by friends in America were given out. If there were inquirers, they would talk further with them and promise to come again. Out of this beginning, often in a few years, a church would be established. During his twenty-five years spent in itinerations, Curtis helped to establish twenty-five organized churches with their own buildings and Korean pastors, forming Soonchun Presbytery.

In Soonchun the Crane "chip" (house) was busy. Curtis was coming back from ten days in the country. No Jiki, making waves in the kitchen, was cooking all the master's favorite dishes. Every room was clean and ready to give him welcome. Fresh flowers were everywhere. A station dinner had been planned in his honor. Station dinners were the main social event. Everyone dressed for the occasion and dusted off the old jokes and donned a happy, festive mood. All was in readiness.

The old model T rumbled in. Curtis was ashen with fatigue. A load of soiled clothes was to be handwashed by faithful Ahma. Before Curtis had had time to take a bath, a note bearer brought word of a fellow missionary's car troubles. Curtis, the station's only mechanic, had to respond though he badly needed rest and a chance to be with his family. He worked until late in the night, missing the dinner in his honor.

Before breakfast the next morning, white clad men climbed Plum

Mountain or rode their bicycles. They filled the benches in the hall, the porch chairs and sat on the steps. Each was waiting his turn to speak to beloved Koo Moksa (Pastor Crane). Curtis's warm heart and wise counsel drew people to him. Some wanted money, some a ride on his next trip, but most wanted to talk to him about their personal or church problems.

His family who also wanted to see him often resented the constant demands on his time and energy. Even his meals were rushed and interrupted.

This was particularly hard on Florence who had her own problems. A shipment of moldy wheat is blamed for the cases of sprue which became a real health hazard for many missionaries. Doctors were baffled by this insidious disease which attacked the whole digestive system. Florence, who had never been physically strong, had a prolonged and very debilitating case. It made every day's work harder. Having Curtis gone so much of the time gave her the complete responsibility for the household and the children as well as her teaching responsibilities at the girls' school next door.

During her bout with sprue, she became pregnant again. The small son who was born to them showed the effects of his mother's poor health and was a frail colicky baby. Junior, named for his father, lived with difficulty for six months. Dr. Rogers had gone on furlough when the baby had an intestinal blockage. Before the nearest surgeon could get there, he had died. Another little grave had to be dug on the hillside cemetery. It was especially hard for six-year-old Lillian to understand what had happened to Junior and why. Her many questions did not help

her grieving parents who, in addition to their loss, had the knowledge that his life could have been saved had they had a doctor near.

Mong Nai was home on vacation from the Girls' School in Chunju. She and Jade and Hon Won were eager to visit Mrs. Crane. They were shocked to find her so palé and thin.

"I have brought you some gensing for tea," Jade offered. "It will bring you strength."

"Thank you, Jade, I have heard that it is a powerful tonic. I am willing to try it, for I am tired of being so run down. Seeing you both so well and happy is a tonic for me."

"Mong Nai has some plans to share with you," Jade prompted.

Mong Nai blushed, "I don't know where to begin. Do you remember that afternoon when you introduced me to Hyung Jay?"

"Yes, I have felt guilty over that break in custom for a long time. It almost cost our friendship."

"Well, I am most grateful to you for thinking of it. The Lord works in mysterious ways. Hyung Jay remembered me and came to see me at the school. He asked if we could write to each other. In our letters we got to know each other. He is graduating from Seminary this spring, you know, and Kohung Church has called him to be their pastor. He has



asked me to marry him." Mong Nai was radiant.

"Oh, Mong Nai, I'm so happy for you. I didn't make a mistake after all; it just took awhile. When and where will you be married?"

"That's what we came to see you about," Jade spoke up. "Mong Nai and Hyung Jay want a Christian wedding, but we are unfamiliar with this new custom. Will you help us?"

"I'm feeling better already!" Florence laughed. "Of course, I will. Would you like to be married in the Soonchun Presbyterian Church? Do you think your parents will come?"

"My parents are torn with this violent break in tradition, and yet they love me and know that I am happy, so I think they will give in and come."

On a spring afternoon Mong Nai and Oh Hyung Jay were married in a simple ceremony in the Soonchun Church. Mr. and Mrs. Park and Jade did come and Mrs. Oh, quite feeble, was carried in by her son and wife. Mong Nai wore a white skirt and jacket of brocade satin. Florence had fixed a small bouquet of fresh flowers to carry with the white leather Bible which was her gift to the bride. Pastor Kim and Curtis performed the Christian ceremony.

Jade and Florence had punch and small cakes ready to serve

afterward. As they were drinking their punch, Mr. Park came over to speak to Curtis, "Well, this is indeed a new day. I am not prepared for it, but when I see my daughter's happiness, all I can say is, "Blessing." Thank you for saving her life and giving her a new spirit. Almost you persuade me to become a Christian."

"Where's your pride, friend?" Curtis was only half serious.

"Yes, my pride. I'm afraid it's still with me."

"Then, we must wait until you are truly ready. In the meantime, I am still your friend, I hope."

"You are indeed. Your friendship has relieved my bitterness over Hon Sic. I am beginning to believe with you that I will see him before I die."

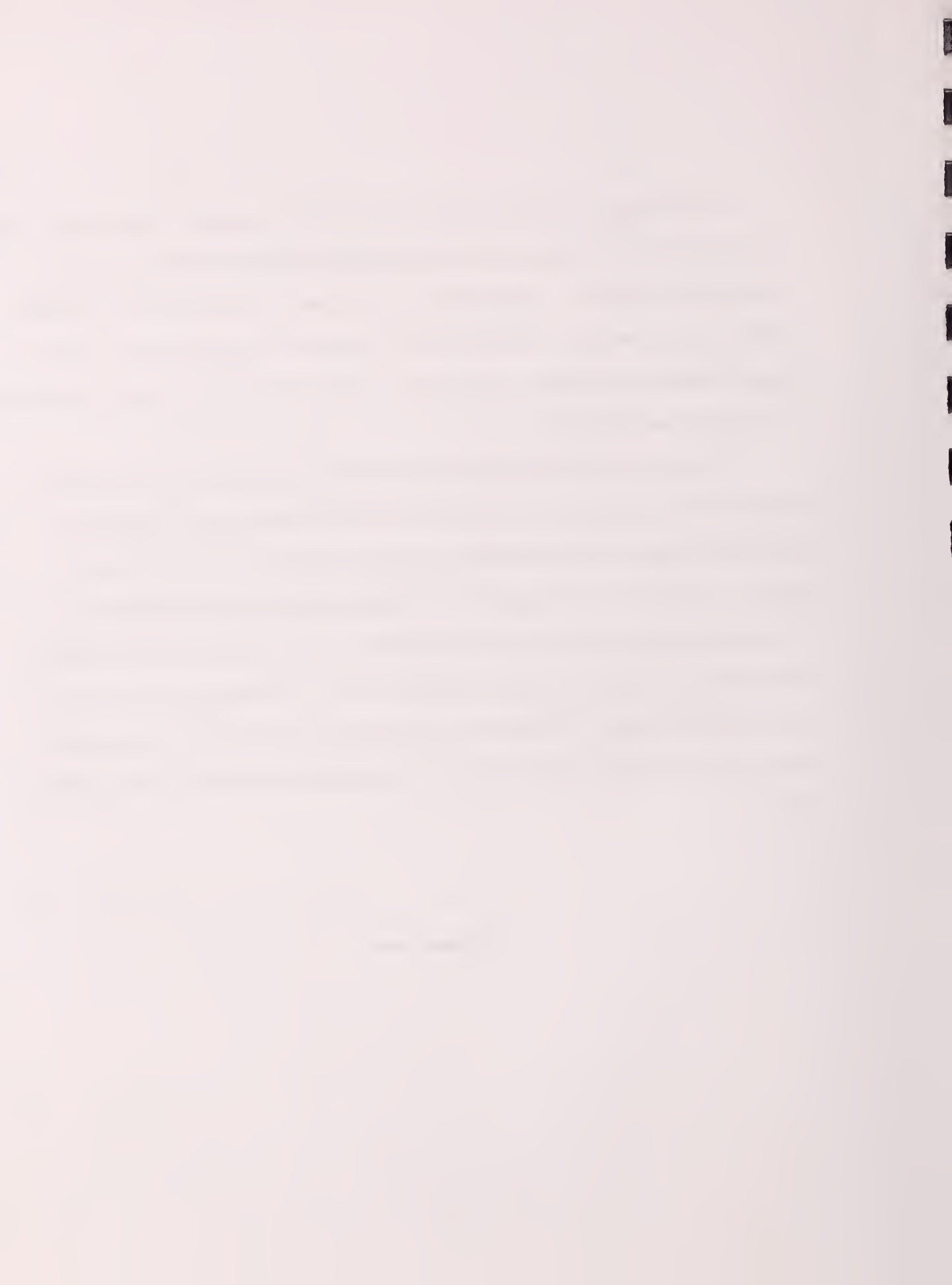
In May of 1923, a beautiful baby girl was born to the Cranes. She had black curly hair and enormous brown eyes. The girls at the school were delighted with everything but her name, Florence. The letter F was a most difficult sound for most Koreans.

"You name her, then," Mrs. Crane laughed.

"She is Pobai," they decided... a precious jewel. And so she became the rest of her life. She brought much joy to her family and renewed their spirits. Lillian thought she had been given a new doll and loved her dearly.

When Pobai was three, the Cranes were again due a furlough. This time they had the use of a comfortable apartment at Mission Court in Richmond, Virginia. These apartments were furnished by the Presbyterian Church women. Curtis began his doctoral studies at his Alma Mater Seminary, Union. The family enjoyed American schools, churches and friends and family.

They found the Hedlestons retired and living out from Oxford at Sunset Hill, a beautiful old home which they had lovingly restored. Katherine Crane had married her younger brother-in-law, William Earle. He was a recent graduate of Union Seminary and they were serving a first pastorate in West Virginia. They had a small daughter Pobai's age, Katherine Janet or Kitty Jane. It was good to be in touch with families again, but Korea was home and after a happy year, they were ready to head back to Soonchun and the new ventures that awaited them.



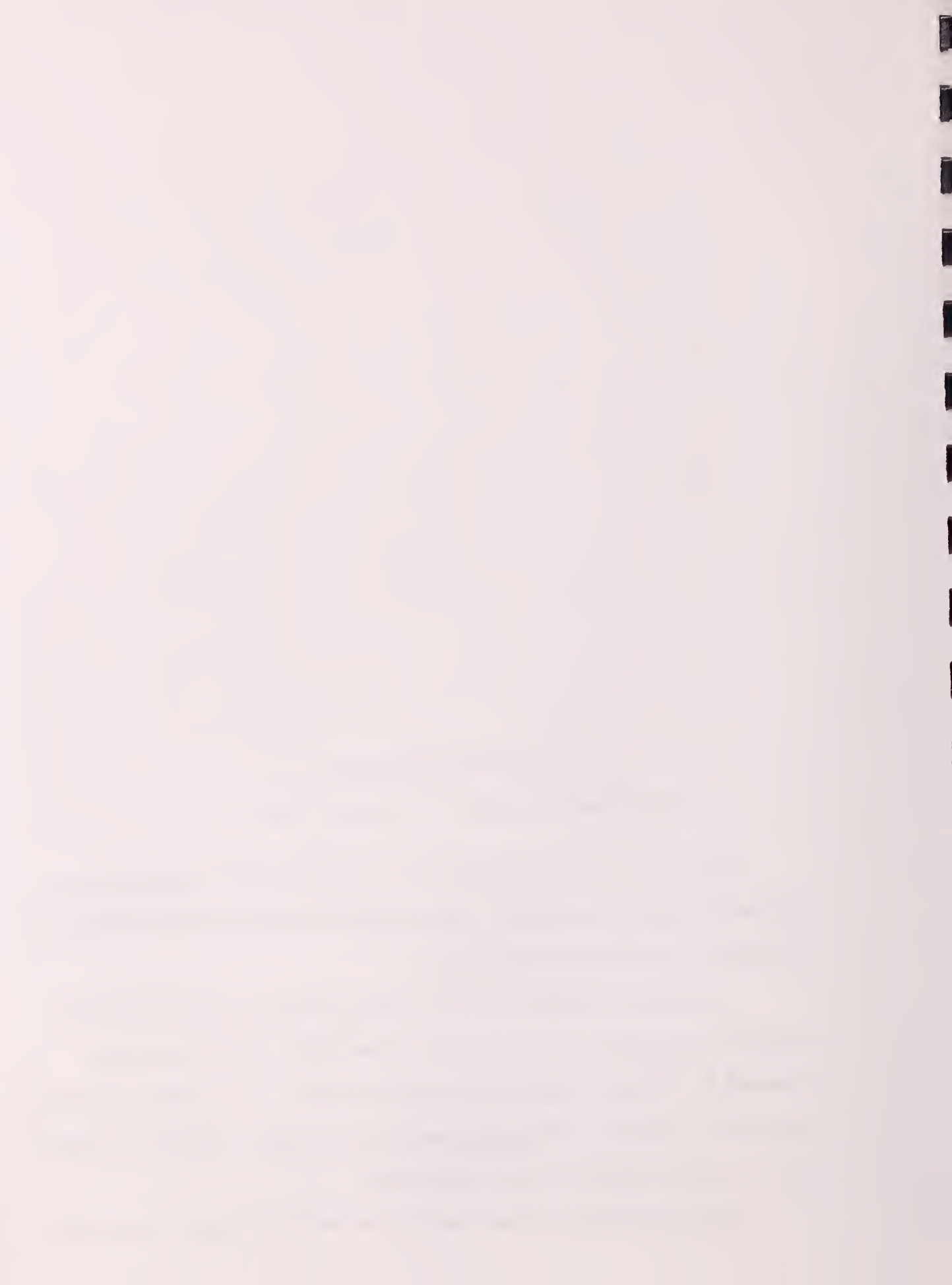
CHAPTER THREE

"What time I'm afraid. ." Psalms 56:3

Mong Nai and Hyung Jay were among the first to welcome the Cranes home from furlough. They brought with them their small son, Chun Il, born to them in the spring.

"Chun is my family's name for this generation, but Hyung Jay wanted to use it for our son as well. Naturally, Father and I are pleased," Mong Nai explained with some pride. The Chun, you would know, Dr. Crane, is for heaven and the Il for day. It was a very heavenly day when God gave us our little boy.

Chun Il seemed to understand that he was the center of attention



and laughed and held out his arms to Florence who enjoyed the chance to rock a baby.

There was much to talk about as they shared the joys and difficulties of the ministry.

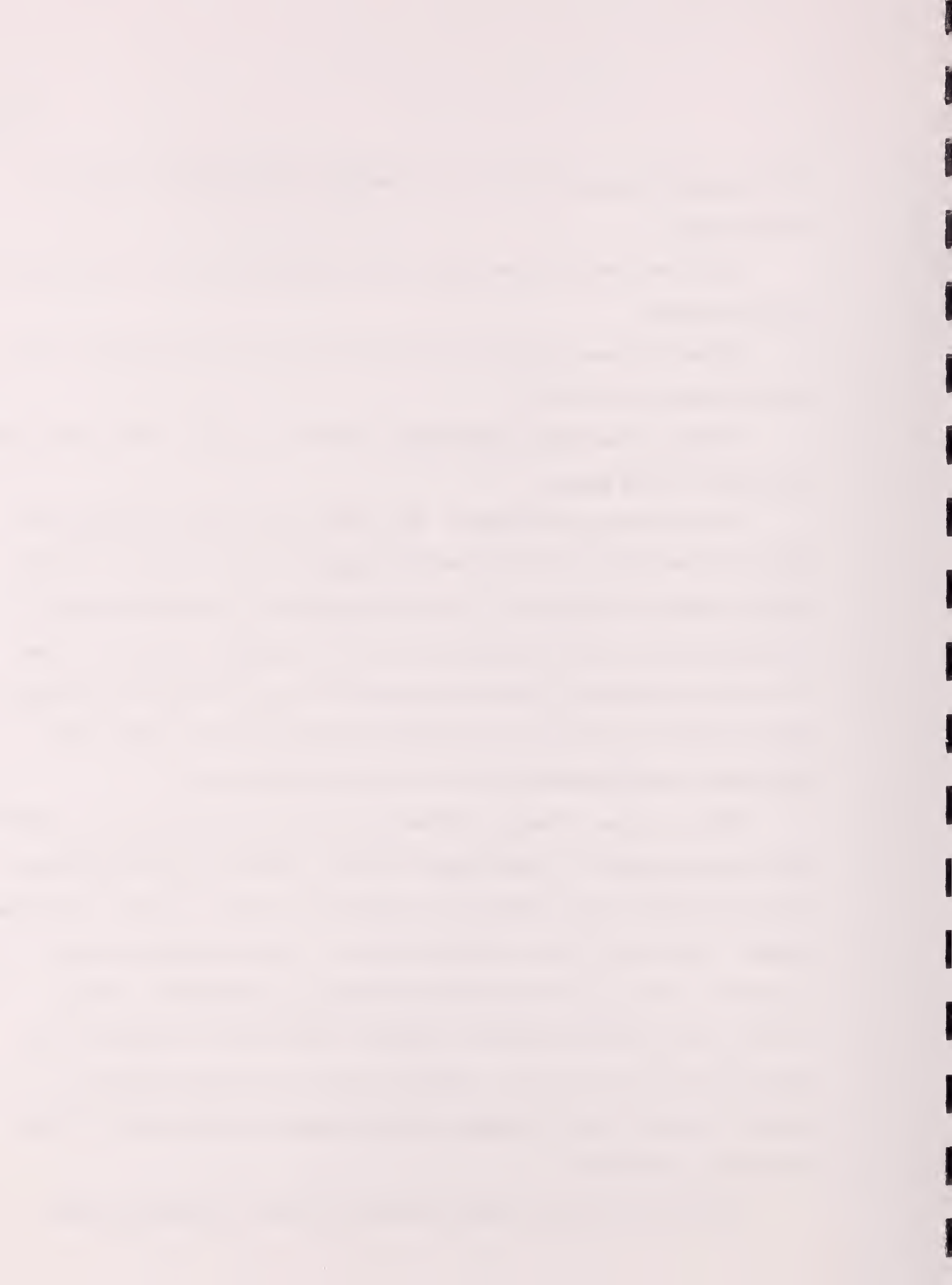
"Pastor Crane, there is a new wind blowing and I don't like the feel of it," Hyung Jay confided.

"Read me the signs, Hyung Jay; I have been away so long, I am out of touch," Curtis asked.

"The students are restless. The eagerness to learn of my day has been replaced with a spirit of questioning and cynicism, and yes, a feeling of pressure building up. You know the mission is only applying for recognition for two high schools, the ones in Kwangju and Chunju. That means our fine Maison Schools in Soonchun will be reduced to elementary level. This is a cause of real concern for young people. They cannot understand that Americans would ever be short of money."

"There is also a change in the attitude of the Japanese Government." Hyung Jay continued. "Baron Saito has been replaced by General Minami who is a militant along with the war party now in power. Things are much tighter. The secret police are everywhere. I sense a hostile attitude toward the church and Christians and ministers in particular. Every contact I have with any official is difficult. Our house was searched the other day when we were out. Aside from the mess and the anxiety it caused, the only thing I missed was the sermon I was working on. Why would they want that?"

"Then there is the personal matter of support." Hyung Jay went



on, glad of a chance to share his burdens, "I thought when I was ordained and called by a strong church that the congregation would want to pay me enough to live at least as well as the average member. Kohung Church is not paying me what they promised. There is talk of a cut in salary."

"I'm truly sorry to hear that," Curtis's face showed his concern. "Kohung is so fortunate to have you and Mong Nai and they are a good church. I guess I baptised most of the old timers, and perhaps I can help by having a talk with them. Of course, they are a self-supporting church and I have no way to bring pressure, but I will certainly do my best to help them see that they need to support you adequately for the 'honor of religion.'" I trust all this had not discouraged you with your calling."

"No, I feel that I am doing what the Lord has called me to do. I enjoy preaching and my relationship with the members. It is just harder than it looked from seminary. If it were not for my good wife, Mong Nai, to encourage me, I would feel lacking in zeal. You were right about needing a partner in ministry." Hyung Jay gave Mong Nai a look of deep appreciation.

"I wonder if it would help to get the ministers and their wives together at some retreat for fellowship and encouragement and renewal? What would you two think of the idea?" Curtis asked.

"Oh, I think we need this, Pastor Crane! May we help you plan?" Mong Nai and Hyung Jay chorused.

"I will get to work on it right away. Now, tell me about your families?"



"We have both had death visit us while you were away," Hyung Jay answered. "My saintly grandmother, Mrs. Oh, died as she lived, joyously. She told me to tell you, Mrs. Crane, that she will pick wild flowers for you in heaven!"

"Doesn't that sound just like her! I will miss her, but I am happy for her. What about your family, Mong Nai?"

"My dear mother returned to her ancestors also. She never consented to baptism for fear of displeasing Father, but she was a Christian in her life and heart. Do you think I will see her in heaven?"

"I am sure you will, Mong Nai," Florence assured her. "Our Lord looks on the heart and he will know hers and accept her love."

"Have you had any news of Hon Sic?" Curtis wanted to know.

"Yes, Father had a good long letter from him. He is living in Russia for he is afraid to return to Korea. He feels there will be a revolution some day and he hopes to return as a part of it. The police had read the letter and came to see Father, asking him a lot of questions in the very rude fashion of theirs. Father was terribly upset, for you know how he feels about the Japanese. Fortunately, the letter had no return address, so he could not tell them where he was."

"It looks like we are heading for troubled times," Florence said after they had bid the young couple goodbye. "You might know things were going too well for the old devil not to get to meddling. What do you think the Japanese are up to? What could they have against the church?"

Curtis was plainly worried. "I don't have all the pieces together, but it looks like the military has the upper hand and are out to make things

ship-shape for war. They need to be in tighter control in Korea and it is plain to see that one of the few organizations they do not run is the Christian Church. I'm afraid this is only the beginning."

At their first station meeting, the picture darkened. The year 1931 had been a financial disaster in the home church with the deep depression. Giving was cut drastically, and the Mission Board was forced to pass this on. Work appropriations were cut by thirty-three percent. No new missionaries would be sent out. Evangelistic, medical and educational items in the budget were cut twenty-two percent. Missionary salaries had a ten percent cut. The missionaries promptly agreed to cut their own salaries to supplement the work, but they still had to face a cut in all areas at a time when the Korean Church was in a period of unprecedented growth.

During the years that followed, the church and the missionaries had harder and harder calls to sacrifice and witness to their faith in difficult times. It became very obvious that the Japanese Government was systematically engaged in an effort to take over the church and use it for propaganda purposes. Their first objective was to drive a wedge between the missionaries and the Korean Christians.

When Mong Nai and Hyung Jay returned from their visit with the

Cranes, a secret policeman was waiting for them. In a very rude and humiliating manner, he grilled them on their conversation and their reason for going and their relationship. He ended by ordering them never to go again.

"I can see the pattern," Hyung Jay said to Mong Nai when they were alone. "They want to separate us from the missionaries. What a cruel thing to do at a time when we need their leadership and guidance! What should I say to Pastor Crane about the retreat?"

"Oh, Hyung Jay, I am afraid! It looks like we have been singled out for an example. I think we should be very careful not to bring on more trouble. Let me go to Soonchun to see my family and I will go with Jade to visit the Cranes and tell them of this situation. Pastor Crane will understand." Mong Nai's tone was insistent.

"I feel like a coward, but you are probably right. It would be wise for us to put some distance between ourselves and the Cranes for awhile. Tell him that I will try to arrange the retreat and lead it without him, although we will need his prayer support and, if he is willing, his notes. Tell him not to come to Kohung about my salary just now either. I fear that would only add fuel to the fire.

Lillian was excited and a little anxious. At age twelve, she was going off to Pyengyāng Foreign School for her high school training. Her

elementary education had been passed around between the different missionary wives and Miss Mattie Davis, the in-house tutor of the Preston brood. The Calvert Correspondence course from Baltimore, Maryland, supplied the textbook guidance. Miss Mattie of the "old school" had tied Lillian's left hand to the desk in order for her to learn to use her right hand to write. "Nobody who is anybody writes with her left hand," she insisted.

Mr. Coit loaded the three Coits, two Prestons and Lillian with their year's supply of clothing into his rickety car and set out over the sixty mountain miles of rocky roads to Kwangju, the nearest rail center. At Tom Bok Pass they had to phone to the other side of the ten miles of curves to learn if there was another vehicle on the road, for there was no place to pass. (The villagers tell of the tiger's eating the postman on this lonely road. All they ever found was his bicycle.) In Kwangju they boarded the train for Seoul and on to Pyengyang, a twenty-four-hour trip of five hundred miles. Third Class sleepers could not be reserved and consisted of three-tiered shelves with no bedding or curtains. The trains were so crowded that much of the trip was made standing up. A lunch basket provided food and boiled water in jugs, their drink. Because of the distance and expense, the children returned home only for Christmas and summer holidays.

Sending Lillian off to school was one of the hardest things Florence had had to face. "It's a good school, I know, and she will be well taken care of, but she is too young to leave home; and besides, I miss her!" she told Curtis as he tried to comfort her and dry her tears.

During the sprue epidemic, the mission doctors had requested that the Boards give serious consideration to a vacation place or places to get the missionaries and their children out of towns during the humid summer months in which malaria, dysentery and other debilitating diseases flourished. Eventually, this request was taken seriously by most of the major mission boards. The United Presbyterians settled Soria Beach, a stretch of sugar-white sand on the Yellow Sea north of Seoul. They built simple wooden cottages along a high cliff which dropped off into the sea. Southern and Australian Presbyterians joined together and leased a high valley in the Cheç'i Mountain range not far from Soonchun. This range rose from sea level to heights of five and six thousand feet. It belonged to the Imperial University of Tokyo as a research area for flora and fauna. The first shacks were blown down in winter storms, so the missionaries built little cottages of native rock with thatch or tin roofs.

Everything, including people, had to be carried up on the backs of strong Korean coolies in their jickies (A-frame). However, once there, the spot was idyllic with rushing mountain streams, rich forests, a myriad of wild flowers and a spectacular view of range on range of mountains reaching to the sea.

A word might be said for the Korean jickie—a unique portable load-carrier. Two matching forked tree limbs laced on either side of a rice straw mat woven to fit the bearer's upper back formed the jickie. This was held in place by plaited rice-straw arm holders attached to the uprights. The protruding prongs formed a crotch for the load. Woven reed baskets, pa-jickies, were made to fit the crotch to carry small loads.



The clever coolies devised a rough chair to fit back to back on the jickie to carry people weighing 120 pounds or less. Children rode comfortably tied on a pillow in the pa-jickies. All who could, of course, walked. Those of more avoirdupois were transported in an armchair with two poles fastened at the arm level. Two men carried and two relieved. No lives were ever lost of either coolie or traveler, but riding backward straight up a mountain was indeed a unique and sometimes unsettling experience.

Curtis dismembered the old Delco generator given by the Watts (Florence's headache's blessing) and had it carried up Chedi where he reassembled it in order to provide electric lights for the cottagers. He and Paul and a helper put up poles and wired all thirty-two homes. Other missionaries thought him a bit crazy; but he insisted that he read by a Coleman lamp much of the year; and in the summer when he had time to study, he wanted to be able to see.

It was in the Crane cottage during the summer that sections of the Bible were translated. The first rough translation was in need of revision because of the changes in the Korean language. An interdenominational committee was set up of Korean and American scholars, supported by the British Bible Society for this gigantic task. Pioneer mission scholar, Will Reynolds, and Curtis from the Southern Presbyterian mission were asked to serve. The group would spend hours on a single word. Using the original Hebrew and Greek texts, they struggled to find the nearest exact meaning. Curtis was excited and stimulated by this work. It helped clear his mind of the discouragements of the Japanese-inspired tensions in the church.

The close bond with the Watts begun in 1913 grew stronger through the years for the Cranes and other members of Soonchun station. Mrs. Watts had died after a long illness and Mr. Watts married his wife's nurse who shared his missionary zeal and interest in Soonchun. Not too many years later, Mr. Watts also died. Mrs. Watts assured the station of her continued support as stipulated in her husband's will. Florence, however, was not prepared for the letter that came with her wild flower water color collection from Mrs. Watts.

"George has kept this collection on his study table and told me of his desire to publish it. I am returning it to you to add to it and prepare for publication as my memorial to him."

"What a wonderful surprise! Imagine, me being an author!" Florence was obviously delighted.

"Don't let it go to your head, Dear, there is still much work involved." Curtis teased. "You might even need some help from your ever-loving husband."

With this began two interesting years of visits to herb-gatherers, Buddhist priests, medicine men and other Koreans steeped in folklore and the usage of plants for food or medicine. Curtis wrote as these interesting hermits wove their tales to Florence. All botanical names were carefully verified by Dr. Takenoshin Nakai, of the Botanical Department of the Imperial University, Tokyo, and Dr. Tsutomu Ishidoya, of the Keijo

University. A fine Korean calligrapher was enlisted to write the Korean and Chinese character names by each flower. The flower paintings were arranged to follow the months of the year in which they bloomed. Folk songs and stories, many of which had not previously been printed, were on each page facing the seven-tone wood-block prints of the flowers. Macmillan Company agreed to handle a limited edition of 1000 copies published by the Sanseido Company of Tokyo in order to have their softer shading of the wood-blocks for the delicate wild flowers. The book, Flowers and Folklore From Far Korea, was released in 1931.

"A letter from the Tong A Il Po, Seoul's leading newspaper? What could it be about? Please read it to me," said Florence who had never mastered formal Korean script.

"The paper wishes to express to you our appreciation for your contribution to Korean culture in the publication of your book. We would like for you and Dr. Crane to be our guests at the Chosen Hotel for the week of October 1932 during which time your landscapes will be exhibited in the display area of our offices. We have arranged with the Minister of Education to have the school children visit the exhibit at scheduled times during the week. There will be a dinner in your honor on Thursday evening at our finest Korean restaurant."

"In these times when foreigners and especially American missionaries are in disfavor, it is hard to believe that the Tong A Il Po would risk such an open show of appreciation!" Curtis said in bewilderment. "I'm proud of my girl! You have won your way into the hearts of the people through your art and the medium of flowers! God works in

mysterious ways, doesn't he? You're not listening to me! What are you thinking about?"

"I was just wondering what I had to wear!" Florence chuckled.

Mong Nai found herself in the role of message-carrier to the Cranes. She and Jade and Chun Il became frequent visitors. Hon Won was always along to play with Paul. Together they explored the mountainside and their relationship.

"The retreat turned out to be a big success, Pastor Crane," Mong Nai reported. Hyung Jay used your notes on John 17 and the pastors openly faced their problems during this time of trial. They spent a lot of time in prayer and felt strengthened by the experience. They came to feel that maybe the Lord was pushing the leadership onto their shoulders during this forced isolation. They prayed for you and the other missionaries whom they consider spiritual fathers. They vowed to stand fast. Interestingly enough, all the pastors reported their churches growing in spite of the efforts to slow them down. You will be glad to hear that the session at Kohyngg, on their own, increased Hyung Jay's salary and gave him a silver vase engraved with words of thanks for his ministry."

"You know, you may just be right. Maybe, we missionaries have

have held on too long. I am sure Hyung Jay and the other pastors are better preachers than most of us foreigners. They can speak directly to the people without cultural barriers." Curtis, like a father facing his grown teenager, was torn between pride and a sense of no longer being needed.

The Shrine Issue was the next step in the propaganda war to take over the Korean Church by the Japanese in preparation for their global war. The war had already begun at a railroad crossing in South Manchuria near Mukden on September 18, 1931. "By the next morning, 10,000 Japanese troops were being deployed to Mukden, ostensibly for the 'protection' of the railway system. Mukden was occupied immediately and soon the occupation of Manchuria was an accomplished fact. By the next year the puppet state, Manchukuo, had been created. When the League of Nations protested this military aggression, Japan withdrew from the League. For Japan, the Manchurian incident was the crossing of the Rubicon, and there was no turning back. The fanatical march toward military conquest had begun... Korea, which lay astride Japan's road to empire, was milked and exploited to satisfy the insatiable appetite of the Japanese war machine."³

To promote patriotism for Japan, Governor General Minami issued an order that students at all schools, primary, middle and college, must

make periodic pilgrimages to bow and pay homage to the shrine of the emperor of Japan. Shintoism, or emperor worship, the state religion of Japan was new to the Koreans and most unpopular as the hatred toward their oppressors ran deep. The order read that violation of this order would result in the closing of schools.

For the Protestant churches, the issue was a moral one as well. The Emperor of Japan was considered divine by Shintoists and there were many propaganda statements to confirm his divinity. Bowing at the shrine would, for many Christians, be in direct conflict with the first commandment. Some groups reasoned that this was no more than a patriotic gesture like pledging allegiance to the flag and that in order to keep the schools open, they were willing to comply. One of the aims of the Japanese strategy in Korea was to divide the missionary community, and in this they were successful. The Korean Presbyterian Church in the early thirties was unitedly opposed to compromise; but, as pressure increased with threats, arrests and imprisonment of outspoken leaders, some began to weaken.

Each station in the Presbyterian U. S. Mission wrestled with the issue before the annual mission meeting in Chunju. There were days of discussion, prayer, debate and struggle as the members tried to find a way not to close the schools without compromising their first loyalty to a God who will have "no other god before me." Some felt that the mission should take no stand and leave it to the Korean Church and/or individual school boards. Others felt this was too heavy a burden to lay on a young church in the midst of persecution and that they were obliged to stand up for their convictions.

Finally a unanimous stand was reached. In order to give it special authority, Dr. C. Darby Fulton, Executive Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., was invited to come to Korea and issue a statement. This he did after meeting with leaders of the Korean Church and the mission. During the meeting there was a demonstration of about 3,000 people for and against the mission's position. Dr. Fulton had to be taken out by a back door and driven out of town before the statement was made public. The statement read: "The mission was unanimously of the mind that we could not participate in the shrine ceremonies without compromising vital Christian principles. We were not dealing with something that lies in the realm of nonessentials, but with the basic beliefs of the Christian Faith: something so elementary as to be a simple question between monotheism and polytheism."⁴

On September 6, 1937, after thirty-eight years of effective and high quality education, all private Presbyterian schools in North and South Chulla Provinces were closed. They stood empty as a silent witness.

During these very difficult years there were other pressures as well. Presbyteries were ordered to go and worship at the shrine. Individual congregations had the same treatment. Police would break into the worship service and force people to go or be beaten and imprisoned.

Hyung Jay and Mong Nai knew it was only a question of time until the Kohung Church would be singled out for this treatment. They had talked often and with pain about what they would do.

"Hyung Jay, I know you will not willingly go to the shrine. If they arrest you, then what?"

"I will go to jail, what else is there for me to do?" Hyung Jay said with a low moan as he pictured the torture and treatment that he felt lay ahead for him. "I am worried about you and our son. Do you think you would be welcome at your parents' home, or would that compromise them?"

"For some reason, Father has not been molested. I would hate to give them an excuse to arrest him, but I am sure that they would take me in and hide me if necessary. Don't worry, we'll manage, but Oh, Hyung Jay, I cry for you! Is there no other way?"

"We didn't know when we chose Christianity that the cross would be in it for us, did we? But, for me at least, there is no other way, and I am sure our Lord will be with me and with us both."

"I miss the Cranes," Mong Nai sighed. "I'm so sorry illness struck at this particular time causing them to take an emergency furlough. May they get well and come back soon."

There never is a good time to be sick. Florence had her continuing bouts with the aftermath of sprue, but when Paul came down with a low grade fever that Dr. Rogers and the other mission doctors were unsure

of diagnosis, the matter became acute. They were ordered by the medical committee to take an emergency furlough in January of 1932. This meant taking Lillian out of Pyengyang Foreign School in the middle of her junior year, as well as interrupting the many matters in which Curtis and Florence were deeply involved.

The Desert Sanitarium in Tucson, Arizona, was recommended as a diagnostic center for Paul. The family rented a small house and set up housekeeping in another very unfamiliar community. Every day a limousine from the sanitarium picked up Paul, then aged twelve, and returned him in the late afternoon, giving him a great sense of importance. After three months, his fever left and he began to be the live, healthy, mischievous boy he had always been. The fever was rheumatic heart disease, but the family gave thanks that he was well. Florence, on the other hand, lost weight and showed other signs of serious ill health. Little Pobai added to the confusion by having most of the communicable diseases common to the U. S. but rare in Korea--measles, mumps and chicken pox.

The Crane children moved to the Hedlestons at Sunset Hill while Florence entered the Johns Hopkins diagnostic clinic. In the midst of illness of his family, Curtis worked hard to complete his doctoral studies and received his earned Doctor of Divinity Degree in May. In later years the degree was renamed Doctor of Theology to avoid confusion with an honorary degree. Not one of his family was able to be on hand for this important event. His one extravagance was the purchase of an academic gown and hood for the occasion. Some years later, he was horrified to find Florence had cut it up to put into a hooked rug.

"I just don't get any respect in my own home!" he complained.

"At least, there's no opportunity for the sin of pride. My family keeps me humble," he said with a laugh.

In the aftermath of the great depression, there was still little money in the church coffers. Missionary salaries were still at an all-time low. Each missionary child was allowed three round trips to America. Lillian had had two-and-a-half which meant there would be no money to bring her back to the states for college if she returned to Korea. It was decided to enter her in the prep-school department of Peace Junior College in Raleigh, North Carolina, where her first grade teacher in Soonchun, Miss Mattie Davis, was registrar.

The Cranes returned in the fall leaving Lillian at fifteen on her own. Miss Mattie didn't tell them that she had plans to leave Peace in the fall. Providence, however, provided Miss Anne Hall, a teacher who took Lillian under her wing and made her an honorary member of her warm, friendly home in Belmont, North Carolina.

Unlike previous returns from furlough, Florence and Curtis returned with heavy hearts and found the atmosphere oppressive. Leaving Lillian alone so young was enough, but the pressure and difficulties of their Korean friends brought their spirits low. What could they do to help? If they so much as visited a friend, the police reacted by taking the man and giving him a beating or some other form of intimidation. The long line of visitors to the Crane home was no more. Letters were censored, phones were tapped.

"I guess the Lord is pushing us out of the towns and villages into

the islands where neither police nor the Gospel have gone," Curtis said as he again began to pack for a country trip that would include a rough boat ride on a smelly little overcrowded inland sea ferry. In these remote spots, the people heard him gladly and he came home with fresh enthusiasm. "There's work to be done and no one to stop us!" he told Florence with the old twinkle in his dark eyes.

The Cranes became accustomed to night visitors. Some even came to the back door to avoid notice. So, they were not surprised to hear a tap at the kitchen door one evening after dark. Mong Nai and Jade had come.

"Oh, we have worried so about you! But we were afraid to send you word for fear it would cause you harm!" Florence hugged them both, American style.

"You know we wanted to come, but we are surrounded with spies and we are in enough trouble already. We could not risk a note," Jade said. Her lovely face showed the strain of the past months.

"Could we stay in the kitchen? Too many lights might arouse suspicion." Mong Nai's eyes gave away her anxiety.

They turned the lights low and visited in hushed tones. "Tell us what has happened." Curtis wanted to know for he had heard nothing.

"You did not hear that Hyung Jay is in prison. We do not even know where, but we think he is in Kwangju," Mong Nai spoke as though her heart would break. "We knew it would come. We had talked about what we would do, but we were not prepared for the rough way the police broke into the church service and dragged and beat Hyung Jay down the

aisle and out to their police car. I have had no word from him since ... it has been three long months." She began to cry.

Florence and Curtis joined hands with Jade and Mong Nai to form a small circle as they prayed together for Hyung Jay.

"You know, Mong Nai," Curtis said, "in our persecution for righteousness' sake, we are promised the kingdom of heaven, and sufficient grace for the burden of each day. What we must do is form a pact to hold him up in prayer continually. This will be a source of spiritual manna for him that will help him turn his trial into a deepening of his faith. When he is freed, he will be mightily used of God. I believe this, but we must not forget to do our part."

Mong Nai smiled for the first time during their visit. "I needed you to tell me this to give me courage to live each day."

Florence wondered out loud, "Curtis, don't we know someone in Kwangju who could find out about Hyung Jay and even visit him?"

"Yes, we do know several faithful Christian Korean and Japanese friends who would risk their lives to help. I will go to Kwangju tomorrow and see what I can do. How can we get in touch you Mong Nai, without causing trouble?"

"I think Hon Won is old enough to come by himself to play with Paul. If you could give him a note to put in his shoe, I think it would not be observed."

"Fine," Florence agreed. "Send him as often as you like. Paul gets lonely and they seem to enjoy each other."

"How is your honorable father and husband, Mr. Park?" Curtis asked.

"He is remarkably well, thank you. He delights in his son and grandson and spends a lot of time with them. He has joined a group of old scholars who write poetry in Chinese characters. They go on picnics together and have a great time. He never forgets Hon Sic and now has been very concerned about Hyung Jay. He misses my mother but Jade is a joy to him," Mong Nai answered.

"Please give him our greetings and tell him we do want to visit, when times are better," the Cranes said as they bid them to go in peace.

Curtis did go to Kwangju and was more successful than he had dared hope. Missionaries told him of a prison guard who was a Christian; and through his influence, Curtis got into the prison and found Hyung Jay.

"Oh, Pastor Crane, now I know the Lord answers prayer! I have needed to see you to share my experiences with you. Thank you for coming," Hyung Jay exclaimed as the two embraced.

"Yes, it has been rough physically," Hyung Jay replied to Curtis's questions. "However, the guards don't beat us often anymore. The authorities have other things to worry about, I guess, or they think there is little information to get from us. The food is poor, but sometimes food is slipped in to us from Christians. We ministers who are here, and I want you to meet the others, have formed a prayer band. We are

allowed Bibles, so we memorize scripture and sing hymns together. Occasionally, the guards join us. The Lord is using this time of quiet to prepare us for something important, we feel. Please tell Mong Nai this. I miss her so much and our little Chun Il. Are they well?"

Curtis told Hyung Jay about their recent visit and the family news. "Do you think she could write one of our missionaries and they could get the note to the guard who let me in?" he asked. "We will try it anyway. We might arrange to have some food sent in also."

After meeting the other Presbyterian minister prisoners, it was time to leave. They said their farewells with a new sense of oneness and of a power not their own.

Life for the missionaries had changed considerably since the hectic days when the schools were running and there were more demands on their time and energy than their strength would allow. In the decade of the thirties, the pressures were of a different and more enervating kind. The Japanese strategy of separating the missionaries from the Korean Church through threats, intimidation and actual imprisonment of the strongest Korean leaders had worked very effectively. The frustration of wanting to help and not knowing how, of seeing their brethren in trouble because of their faith and not being able to stand with them, the closing of most of the institutional work--all bore down on the missionaries' overtired nerves. The discouragement of having only one recruit in the past nine years, nurse Margaret Pritchard, gave the feeling that they had been forgotten by the home church. It was not surprising that physical and emotional breakdowns took their toll of the

remaining mission family. In Soonchun the Coits' leaving because of Rob's illness left a big hole in the work and life of the station.

Fortunately, at this time the work with Hanson's disease, leprosy, begun in Kwangju by Dr. R. M. Wilson, was assumed by the American Mission to Lepers and relocated on a tiny finger of land jutting out into the sea about ten miles south of Soonchun. The move brought the Wilson family to Soonchun to take up residence in the former Coit home. The lively Wilson family of five sons and two daughters added much vitality and interest to the station. Dr. Wilson, an avid hunter, drew young and old alike to join him in tracking down the plentiful pheasant, deer and wild pig. An occasional bear or tiger added excitement.

Florence found her water colors a great satisfaction as well as a tension releaser. Wherever the car had to go, she and Pobai, who inherited her mother's talent, and the sketch case went. The frequent punctures and other troubles of an aging and much overworked Ford gave Florence and Pobai time for a land or seascape while Curtis was on his back under the car fixing a loose screw.

"Mama, it takes you longer, but you do get a better effect," was preschooler Pobai's sage observation.

Curtis had time to do some studying and writing which he had never found before. His study of John 17, used on request for several missionary retreats, was published in 1940 under the title, The Sacerdotal Prayer of Our Lord. Always a student, his acquaintance with New Testament Greek became so familiar that he used it for family prayers, translating directly into Korean for benefit of the servants.

He was often called on for contributions to local and church newspapers and publications. His translation work continued to lift his spirits. He never stopped itinerating, pushing always to the place farthest out. One trip took him to the unique island of Cheju where the women rule. All traditional roles are reversed. The women were larger and stronger because they did all manual labor while the men kept house and rocked the cradles. The women made the decisions for governing and spending of their small resources.

By the fall of 1932 Paul was ready for Pyengyang Foreign School, another wrench for his parents. To them, the giving up of their children was the only real "missionary hardship." Paul's rheumatic fever had left him with a heart murmur which added to his family's anxiety.

Letters from Lillian were cheerful as she became adjusted to the ways of an American teenager. A ripple of excitement around the halls at Peace College resulted from the use of her picture by the Associated Press. AP picked up the picture from Raleigh's News and Observer which had run it under the caption, "Peace's beauty queen comes from Korea." The fan mail made entertaining reading for the girls. The only letter that interested Lillian came from a traveling salesman in Virginia named Thompson Southall. She liked the sound of the name. Being a good and persistent salesman, Thompson, on receiving no reply from his letter, went to the school and persuaded the dean to introduce him.

Lillian finished Peace Junior College in the spring of 1933. Thompson invited himself to her graduation, escorting a cousin who served as

her American mother. It was while there that he told Lillian he had decided to enter Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia, in the fall. He had chosen Union partly because she had told him of her plans to enter The Presbyterian School of Christian Education on her return from a year in Korea. PSCE was conveniently located across the street from UTS.

Lillian used the other half of her allowed third free trip from the Mission Board to return to Soonchun where she lived at home and taught the station's seven missionary children, who happened to be in four different grades. Sister Pobai was in grade four.

The Park family had reason to celebrate Chuksok, the Autumn Moon Festival. Hyung Jay had been released from prison! No explanation had been given, but an order had come down to free the ministers after beating them and threatening them to show more respect to the Japanese government. Hyung Jay was very thin and pale, but he seemed to be in sound mind; and Mong Nai could see that his experience had driven him to deeper levels in his Christian life.

Chuksok was celebrated in every village and town in Korea. It was a time for games and competitions, for folk dances and music as well as for feasting and relaxing. The autumn moon, the changer of

seasons, usually shone silvery and clear, giving to each evening a special misty glow.

The men in the Park family were seated at little individual tray tables sampling the ceremonial half-moon rice cakes, stuffed with beans and flavored with pine nuts. The porch on the study or sorong was cool in the later afternoon shade from the willow weeping over the lotus pond. Mr. Park looked at his growing young men. Hyung Jay, his son-in-law, had come to be an accepted member of the family although Mr. Park had not given his blessing to the marriage. He could not understand a faith that would require imprisonment, but he admired the courage required to stand against the Japanese. Jade's Hon Won was growing fast. In spite of his Japanese school uniform, required for all students in government schools, Hon Won was obviously handsome and intelligent. He held his head and carried himself like the gentleman he was, which pleased his father. Little Chun Il, Mong Nai and Hyung Jay's four year old, was his grandfather's joy with his merry heart and endless curiosity. But, always when he thought of his sons, there came that old ache for the missing one.

"How I miss Hon Sic," Mr. Park said with a sigh. "I wish I could send him some half moon cakes."

"Honorable Father-in-law, if I may speak," Hyung Jay coughed politely. After a nod from Mr. Park, he continued, "You know Pastor Crane continues to pray for Hon Sic and he has told me that he believes your son will return in God's own time."

"Yes, Hyung Jay, I do think of this often with gratitude. I miss

your friend Crane and would like to exchange ideas with him again. Those fool Islanders! They ruin everything!"

Hon Won feared for his father when he spoke out so violently against the Japanese. If a servant were to report this for a small bribe, it could lead to serious punishment. Yet, he understood and shared his father's feelings more and more as the pressure built up in the schools to show patriotism toward Japan. The propaganda against America had also increased with particular insinuations that all missionaries were spies out to exploit the innocent Korean country folk. He could not square this with the only American family he knew well, the Cranes. Until Paul had left for Pyengyang, he had been his favorite companion and they shared a deep feeling of trusting friendship. He was unable to understand these currents of hatred that seemed to swirl around him. Why was the world so complicated?

Chun Il, too small to understand any of this, pulled at Hyung Jay's sleeve, "Chun Il wants to go hear music, Father."

The farmers' dancers were coming down the street. In their fancy hats and bright streamers, they whirled and danced to the beat of loud brass cymbals and drums, singing as they came. Theirs was an important part of every Chuksok's festivities. Mr. Park called a servant to bring wine as he led the boys out to the gate to watch. When they had danced a special number for the Parks, the old gentleman handed the head dancer an envelope containing money and invited them to try his wine. After a generous sampling, the dancers bowed gratefully and danced on.

"Will you come watch the competitions, Honorable Father?" Hon Wou asked.

"I will come because you are running in the races, son, but I will not clap for your school or bow to your teacher," Mr. Park answered. "Little did I dream I would ever be brought so low as to sit on a bench with an Islander!"

Mong Nai looked again to be sure she was not having a dream. There stood Hyung Jay in the room they were using during Chuksok, dressed in her dancing costume of high school days which he must have unearthed from her old chest. The long red skirt came to his shoe-tops. On his head was the streamered cap she wore!

"Are you going to tell me, or may I guess?" Mong Nai exclaimed, convulsed with laughter.

"Neither one, I want you to dress as my lantern bearer and we're going to see the Cranes! On this festive Chuksok night, everybody is dressed up and most are half drunk, so we will be less conspicuous in costume. I need to see Pastor Crane."

Mong Nai could not stop laughing. How long had it been since they had had a good laugh? She gladly entered into his plan.

Lillian answered the knock at the back door and called her parents

to share in the joke. In past years the Cranes had had many invitations to family celebrations of Chuksok, but this year they were feeling their isolation keenly. It helped to know these friends cared enough to risk coming. No Jiki had prepared the traditional moon cakes just in case.

As they sipped tea and cakes, Hyung Jay told the Cranes of his prison experience and miraculous release. They had their own private celebration. The conversation turned to Hon Won.

"Pastor Crane, it is important that this fine boy escape the Japanese war which is bound to involve him if he stays in Korea. What can we do?"

"What about sending him to America to study? Could Mr. Park afford the expense and would he be willing to part with his only other son?" Curtis asked.

"Yes, I think he would do anything to get him away from the Japanese influence, and yes, I think he could afford it by selling some land."

"Let me look into the possibilities. We are thinking of Paul's American education just now also, so I am studying up on schools. It will require some letter writing which will take time for a reply. Can you get in touch with us in about a month?"

In due time it was arranged for Hon Won to travel to America with a missionary family and enter a prep school in Darlington, Georgia.



Lillian's year in Soonchun gave Florence and Curtis a chance to get reacquainted with their grown daughter and helped her to come to know and understand more of her parents' life and work. Mong Nai and other Korean friends braved Japanese displeasure to open their homes to her and introduce her to a Korea she had not experienced before.

With her earnings from teaching, she planned her trip back to America across Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railroad (\$87 hard class) into Hitler's Germany, to the Passion Play in Oberammergau, and on to a two-week visit with friends in England. The summer of 1934 was a tense one in Europe. While she was in Oberammergau, Chancellor Dolphus of Austria was assassinated to make way for Hitler's occupation. It seemed to her the world was seething with war-fever. She could not forget the attractive Russian girl guide in Moscow who breezily said, "We have a plan to take over the world. Just wait, you will see."

Thompson met her in New York. After showing her the town in a modest way, he took her to Charlottesville, Virginia, to meet his mother. She then went on to her Hedleston grandparents at Sunset Hill before entering the Presbyterian School of Christian Education (then, The Assembly's Training School) in Richmond, Virginia, in September.

"Well, it's finally happened," Curtis told Florence as he opened

the mail. "I have been officially appointed by the mission to accept the invitation extended to me by the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Pyengyang to fill the chair of theology which will be vacated by Will Reynolds on his retirement."

Florence searched Curtis's face. "This is what you really want, isn't it? I am not willing to pull up stakes and move five hundred miles unless it is what you feel the Lord wants you to do. Leaving our home and our dear friends here will not be easy for either of us."

"Yes, I have been praying and listening for an answer, and I feel that this is it. Teaching young seminary students is a challenge that does not come every day to have some influence on the leadership of the church. You know the Pyengyang Seminary is fast becoming the largest Presbyterian Seminary in the world. It has already more students than my old Union Theological."

"Well, that settles it. I will look for new places to sketch in the frozen northlands. One good feature will be that Pobai can live at home and go to Pyengyang Foreign School. It will be a joy not to give up our baby for a while," Florence answered as she began planning to pack.

Mong Nai and Hon II had come with Jade

Mong Nai and Hon II had come with Jade to see the Cranes. Tensions seemed to have eased a little and women did not count much with police surveillance. They often

police surveillance. They felt an occasional visit would not be held against them.

"I know it is important that Dr. Crane teach the young ministers, but how can we get along in Soonchun without you, Mrs. Crane?" Jade was genuinely distressed. "Will you ever come back?"

"Oh, yes, we certainly will come back for I have some good word for you. Lillian and her husband are hoping to come to Korea as missionaries. They will probably be assigned to Soonchun and may even live in this house. I hope you will continue your friendship with them."

"Well, that does bring us joy! How did you arrange her marriage in another country?" Jade asked, puzzled.

"I'm afraid we had nothing to do with it. Her husband saw her picture in a newspaper and decided to marry her. My husband says she advertised for a husband," Florence laughed. "We have not met him yet, but we have had letters and we think we will approve."

Jade was shocked at such customs. "We will never understand your country, but we are glad that they are coming and we will be their friends."

"We have some news, too." Jade continued, "Our son, Hon Won is returning for a brief visit this summer. My husband has arranged a marriage for him.

"Does Hon Won know the girl?" Florence asked.

"No, you know my father would not approve of anything but an arranged marriage. I feel sorry for her, for Hon Won will be going back to America for more study and she will be left alone with us. My father is anxious that she have a son to carry on the family for the ancestors' sake," Mong Nai explained.

"We believe that love will come in marriage. Ours has proved so."
Jade blushed becomingly as she spoke.

Paul was finding the bitter cold of Pyengyang very hard on his sinuses. He had more than his share of serious infection that the doctors feared would in time undermine his health. They advised sending him to a warmer climate, so Florence and Curtis decided to send him to Darlington, Georgia, to the prep school where Hon Won had just graduated. They hated to give him up a year before he would be ready to leave for college, but they could not sit by and see him suffer needlessly. He was on the train headed for Darlington when he was delivered a telegram from Lillian telling him to get off the train in Ashland, Virginia.

Lillian and Thompson had graduated from their respective schools and had had a quiet home wedding in Florence's sister's home in Nashville, Tennessee. Their plan to have Dr. Hedleston marry them at Sunset Hill was dashed by his sudden death a month before. Lillian's little grandmother insisted that they not change their wedding date. And she came to the wedding herself.

Tom was called to serve the Ashland Presbyterian Church and two small chapels while he completed his senior year at Randolph Macon College. It was to their small apartment that Paul was taken when he stepped off the train.

"A cable from Darlington. Paul has not arrived." Curtis held the yellow paper for Florence to read. Packing boxes all around them, they looked at each other in stark fear. What could have happened? Who would know?

"Do you think Lillian would possibly know? She is the only one who knew of his travel plans," Florence asked.

"I'll get off a cable to them right away," Curtis said, glad of something to do to relieve tension. Several days of anxiety later, the cable came from Ashland. PAUL WILL LIVE WITH US ATTEND ASHLAND HIGH, SIGNED, LILLIAN.

"I can't believe they would do such a thing when we have already enrolled him and paid the tuition." Curtis was obviously upset.

"I guess we have raised our children to be independent and they are acting accordingly," Florence answered. "The important thing to me is that Paul get the academic help he needs to get in Davidson. Will that little Ashland High School do that for him?"

"On the other hand, being with Lillian and Tom may be just the bridge he needs to get adjusted to American life," Curtis argued with himself aloud.

"Well, we can't do much about it, so let's wait for their explanations in the next mail."

The explanation was very simple in the eyes of youth. Lillian, having been separated from family for so long, wanted to have her little brother near. Paul liked the idea of living with family more than the thought of another year in boarding school.

The year proved to be a happy one with trips in their ancient Model A Ford which brother and sister undertook to re-upholster. Paul learned quickly the thought patterns and customs of a small town in the South. He also learned which Korean ways were unacceptable--for example, using a folding fan in school on a hot day. While letters from Korea made it clear that he would please his father by following him into the ministry, Paul was drawn to surgery through his experience of watching Dr. Rogers operate in Soonchun. By the time he entered Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina, in the fall, he had decided to begin on the pre-méd curriculum.

Saying goodbye to Soonchun was not easy for the Cranes. For a quarter of a century, the town of "Gentle Heaven" had been their home. Friends, old and young, came to wish them "peaceful journey." They were particularly touched when Mr. Park came to call. *po* "We are honored to have you in our home!" Curtis met him on the porch with the traditional low bow.

"Why do you foreigners do this to us?" Mr. Park's gruff words did not hide the friendly twinkle in his eyes. "You come in from across the ocean uninvited and force your way into our lives, making us respect you as brothers; then without our leave you pack up and move! Have you no feeling of land and heritage, of roots and ancestors?"

"You've said it, Park. We are homeless from your perspective. We are pilgrims and our journey is our home." Curtis was surprised to hear himself voice a feeling that had grown on him in recent days. "However, our wealth is in our friendships forged. We will not soon forget you. We will be returning for many reasons, one of them being that our son-in-law and daughter Lillian have been appointed to take our place as evangelistic missionaries and will be living in Soonchun, probably in this house."

"I never knew I would become interested in America, but since Hon Won has been studying at the American University, I have been going over maps with an English language dictionary and primer. I am grateful to your daughter and her husband for entertaining our son for his Christmas holidays. He and Paul have something of the same relationship that we share. I'm glad of this chance to have them together."

"Tell me about Hon Won. What is he thinking these days with all the new ideas forced on him in the academic atmosphere of the University? Has he changed much?"

"He writes that he has met Syngman Rhee, the Korean leader in exile. There is a large community of American-educated Koreans in Washington who await the day when my country will be free of our oppressors. May I live to see it?"

"It will come. I can feel that this time of tension and military build-up will explode somewhere in a war that 'our friends' cannot handle. I do pray we will both live to see it," Curtis agreed.

In 1938 war clouds were very evident with Japan and China sparring for control of the Far East. It took only the incident of the Marco Polo Bridge near Peking to launch a full-scale confrontation. In this atmosphere, the Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. decided to send a group of new missionaries to Korea. Their reasons were mixed. The missionary force had become very depleted during the nine years since Margaret Pritchard went out as a nurse to Kwangju. Second generationers in each couple, Dr. and Mrs. John Preston, Dr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Rev. and Mrs. John Talmage, nurse Elizabeth Woods, a China "mish kid," and Lillian and Thompson Southall brought enthusiasm with their wealth of ignorance to a very discouraged missionary community.

All institutional work had been closed due to the Shrine issue except the hospitals and the Wilson Leper Colony. The Pyengyang Presbyterian Seminary was closed in the fall of 1938, after the Granes left on furlough. When a missionary visited a church or even a Korean friend, some form of reprisal could be expected to the Koreans from the

Japanese police. A basket of fruit sent to a sick friend by a missionary caused the ill man to be taken to the police station for a beating. The missionaries began to feel that their very presence was a liability to the Korean Church. In the face of this, new recruits made them believe that the home church saw hope for a change in the future.

By the time the young team had learned the language, a three-year assignment, maybe, just maybe, there would be a new day.

The Southalls had two happy weeks with the Cranes in Pyengyang, before Curtis, Florence and Pobai set off on their much needed and long dreamed of trip of a lifetime furlough. It began aboard a French freighter from Shanghai, on to Hong Kong, Singapore, Saigon, Bombay, through the Suez Canal to Palestine where Curtis joined archaeologist William Albright in a study-excavation seminar. Florence and Pobai sketched the ancient landmarks and the wild flowers of Palestine. They even found some dainty brave blossoms on the shores of the Dead Sea. From Palestine, they visited Egypt and the art galleries and cathedrals of Europe and England for another month. They arrived at their reserved apartment in the missionary housing near Princeton Seminary in time for Curtis to begin his year's study under theologian Emil Brunner. Mother Hedleston joined them for the winter. Neighbors were charmed with this tiny lady from the "deep South" who had never been north before.

Mail from Korea was still top priority to the Cranes in spite of the exciting life on the Princeton Seminary Campus. The letter from Thompsen nearly broke their hearts as they read of the early birth and quick death of their first grandbaby, Lillian, during the wee hours of a cold November morning in Seoul. Streetcars did not run after midnight, so Thompson left Lillian in the capable hands of nurse Elizabeth to pedal his bicycle four miles to the doctor's house (the phones were not working). They returned just in time for the baby's birth. But without an incubator, she survived only a short hour. Cremation was required by the Japanese in order to take her small body on a crowded Korean train to Soonchun where she was buried beside Letitia and Curtis, Junior.

"I hate oceans!" Florence cried. "They always separate us from those we love when they need us most!"

The lunar New Year is Christmas and all holidays rolled in one for most Koreans. In the first place, it is everybody's birthday. At birth a child is one year old and on the following New Year he or she is two.

New Year of 1940 was a special one for the Parks. Mr. Park was celebrating his sixtieth birthday, his Hon Gop. In ancient days, people seldom lived much after sixty. Therefore, a big celebration was made of the Hon Gop. There were gifts, speeches and visits from friends and family. Hon Won was returning from America for the event. Mong Nai had tried through various channels to get word to Hon Sic, but she dared not hope that he would come. For weeks she had been helping Jade, Sun Ai, Hon Won's bride, and the new servant girl make fancy rice cakes and other delicacies against the great day.

New Year's means new clothes for everyone--bright striped sleeved jackets for the children, new silk skirts and tops for the ladies and long white linen robes for the men. Many months had been spent by the women in fine hand stitching. Jade was fortunate to have had the help of a Singer sewing machine which she turned by hand, seated comfortably on the floor.

Finally the great day came. Chun Il, the first up, dressed in his new clothes and began his round of formal bows of greeting to his family. First to Grandfather and other Mother Jade; then to Father Hyung Jay and Mother Mong Nai; next to Hon Won and his bride, Sun Ai; and finally, to his surprise, newly discovered Uncle Hon Sic whose arrival in the middle of the night had awakened the whole family. With each bow he received a package wrapped in white rice paper, that is, except from Hon Won who led him behind the kitchen to show him an American-made bicycle!

The next ritual was a visit to the family ancestral shrine by the men in the family. The Park family had a finely carved tablet resting on the back of a stone turtle representing long life. Over the tablet a small tiled roofed temple had been built on the hill behind their home. Hon Won and Hon Il went with Mr. Park but Hon Sic stayed in the study.

Guests began to arrive early and continued all during the day bringing with them gifts--inlaid trays of mother-of-pearl, brass bowls, carved amber and jade as well as money. Many made speeches or presented poems handsomely brush-stroked in Chinese characters on a scroll. Each guest served himself from the long table piled high with fruit, cakes, rice and every known Korean dish. There were bowls of rice wine and hot tea.

Sometime in the afternoon, Mong Nai called Chun Il from his play.

"Son, I want you to go to the Southalls' house, You know, where the Cranes lived. Pastor Crane is visiting. Give them your New Year's bow and this note which I will put in your shoe."

Curtis had heard of Mr. Park's Hon Gop, but under the tense situation with the police, he was afraid a visit would provoke trouble. Chun Il's note begged him to come alone at night to the secret door in the women's courtyard.

Mong Nai was waiting for his knock. She led Curtis into her father's study. The last guests had gone and only the father and sons were there. Mr. Park rose and greeted Curtis.

"Old friend, my day is now complete with your visit."

Curtis presented him with a leather-bound copy of the just-released new version of the Korean Bible. "A gift should be a part of the giver, so it is in this spirit I make my gift to you."

Curtis hardly recognized the mature man, Hon Sic. He wondered what were his thoughts on coming home after being so long away in Russia. Hon Won, too, was a handsome young man, very poised and at ease in English as well as Korean.

Tea was brought and the conversation grew serious.

"Brother, said Hon Sic, "You say Syngman Rhee will come into power in a democracy when Japan is defeated. You are wrong. Russia will see that this does not happen. My friend Kim Il Sung and I have carefully laid plans as soon as it looks like Japan is over her head in war."

Hon Won smiled at the brother, who had been so bold in his

the way he had said it. Another day he would have to be more careful.

Hon Won smiled at this brother whom he had never seen before.

"You may be right, brother, I am no prophet, but I truly hope for some form of democracy for our freedom-loving people. We have had enough tyranny. I would love to see us enjoy some freedom."

"Freedom, bah! Our people would not know how to handle freedom. We would have anarchy. We need to organize the workers to produce food and goods so that we will have power in the world." Hon Sic's eyes shone as he told of his hopes.

"Sons, both of you, I'm now an old man having celebrated my Hon Gop. From where I sit, if the Islanders will leave, I can die in peace. I do not want you to quarrel over what is good for our country, but I am glad to see you both care for our country and are working for what each of you thinks is right. Keep on. Disagree, but hold together our family--it was here before the Islanders or democracy or communism, or even Christianity!" Mr. Park added with a smile at Curtis. "It's getting late and I am tired, but my happiness is complete to have my sons and my good friend Crane to celebrate with me. Go now in peace, all of you!"

CHAPTER FOUR

"When your hair is grey, I shall still support you." Is. 42:4b

Florence and Curtis returned from furlough to their new home in Pyengyang in the fall of 1939 to find the Presbyterian Seminary had been forced to close over the Shrine Issue. Some students were meeting at night in the homes of missionaries. The atmosphere was charged with dread. Two students had literally disappeared. It was dangerous to ask questions. The missionary community was touched by this pervading uneasiness. These strong men and women, for the most part veterans, were undergoing for the first time in their missionary experience a rethinking of their own calling and usefulness, resulting in a lack of

direction as to what to do next. Almost all communication between the Korean Church leaders and members had been successfully interrupted by the vigilance of the Japanese secret police whose use of cruelty had been experienced by too many not to be effective.

News of the outside world was sparse since news periodicals from America were banned. To have a short-wave radio was a prison offense and the Japanese propaganda machine saw to it that only Japanese victories made the papers.

Before the Cranes had left for furlough, they worked out a system for communication with their children. Each member had a master copy of a sheet of paper with spaces cut for a sentence or two of vital information. When a letter was received, he or she would put the master sheet over the letter to find the message between the prosaic bits about the weather.

Soon after their return, Florence and Curtis received one such letter from Lillian in Soonchun. "I was surprised to have a prominent visitor who arrived in a taxi with a beautiful basket of fruit, which according to custom, preceded a request. After the usual polite conversation, he asked if his "unworthy daughter-in-law could join my cooking class. Of course, I was delighted. She came some days later, a darling girl named Sun Ai, dressed in silk and satin with jewels in her hair. The others were somewhat awed by this aristocrat who never was seen on the streets. She, on her part, was very shy at first, but after I made them put on aprons, we went into the kitchen to make biscuits. This successfully broke the ice and we were just girls together

laughing and having a good time. They didn't care for the biscuits, but were polite and liked the jelly by itself."

Florence and Curtis knew the prominent visitor was Mr. Park and that his daughter-in-law, Sun Ai, was Hon Won's wife. In the cryptic part of the letter they read that Hyung Jay was again being threatened and was on his way to them in Pyengyang. He arrived the same night of the letter.

"How can I face another imprisonment?" Hyung Jay's distress was keen. "It's not only the fear of the physical abuse, but I wonder what purpose it would serve. If I could get away for a while until a change comes as it is bound to, then I would be able to be of real help. If my mind or my health were wrecked in prison, I would be of no use to anyone."

"Hyung Jay, I have just had an idea," Curtis responded. "Dr. Roberts, the president of the Seminary, has told me of a request from my former students, that I write a compilation theology based on my class notes. He says there is some money for its publication, and maybe our Board would want to help fund the printing of such a text in Korean. So many of our students find studying theology in English more than they can handle. How would you like to be my assistant in this project? You could live here on the compound with Mong Nai and Hon Il and stay out of sight for a while. I could pay you enough to live very simply."

Relief spread over Hyung Jay's face. "Oh, Pastor Crane, I knew you would find a solution as you have in the past! Could you write Dr.

Preston to get word to Mong Nai? If he could drop you a note with her plans, carefully hidden in the letter, I could meet her."

With this decision began a new and exciting time in Curtis's life. The student side of his nature had had to take what was left over of his time and energy during most of the past quarter century; but the present imposed isolation from his teaching assignment gave an opportunity for the necessary reading and study required to express in clear, concise language the theological insights of the great theologians from St. Augustine to Tillich. He took each article of faith, giving the differing points of view or interpretations of each man, concluding with a summary of the Reformed or Presbyterian position.

Hyung Jay found the work challenging as well. He began studying English and German to better understand subtle word meanings. The two made a congenial team.

Mong Nai was lonesome at first. North Korea was very different from her home in South Chulla Province. Even the words and expressions differed so much that she found trouble understanding or being understood. She was kidded about her southern accent, and her generally provincial perspective. After the initial shock of realizing that she was a country girl, she decided to learn more of the big city and its different ways. She and Hyung Jay and Hon Il visited some of the Presbyterian churches still open whose bells rang out on Sunday and Wednesdays and in the predawn stillness for daylight prayer meetings. It took courage to attend church since the Japanese ban. Before the Shinto shrine issue, there had been forty active Presbyterian churches

in Pyengyang city alone. In time, she came to like the brisk-stepping, energetic people of Pyengyang. They, on their part, were charmed with the sincerity and warmth of this gentle aristocrat from the far South.

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August of 1940 found the Cranes and the Southalls together for a happy month in their Chedi mountain cottage. The much needed respite helped them adjust to Pobai's leaving home to attend Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia. Giving up their youngest was the most painful separation of all so far.

Little did they know of what lay ahead. They talked of the war called World War II in far off terms. The little news that trickled through hardly touched them. Lillian and Thompson were happily engaged in painting and fixing up their home in Soonchun in anticipation of the new baby expected as a Christmas gift.

On the final Saturday night in October, the last curtains were finished and hung in the Southall house. Sunday morning, news reached them of the evacuation order from the State Department for all women, children and "non-essential personnel." Soonchun station met without them to decide that they must leave on Monday in order to make the last passenger ship, the S. S. Neta Maru, scheduled to leave Yokohama for America. The S. S. Mariposa would be coming on November 16 to Inchon

to pick up the others, but Dr. Rogers felt it was unwise for Lillian to wait. With two trunks, two suitcases and no reservations, they left Soonchun on Monday afternoon by train to Yesu, ferry over the channel, train across Japan to Yokohama. They had sailed when the letter with this news reached the Cranes in Pyengyang.

Still in a state of shock from the sudden change in her life, Florence sat holding the letter:

"Can't you see Mr. Park, dressed in his uniform of an official of Korea, standing tall in the crowd at the railroad station in Soonchun to see the Southalls off! Wonder where he had hid it all these years and I'm amazed that it still fit. What do you think the police reaction will be?"

"That loyal friend is a man of courage to the end! I hope he does not have to pay heavily for this act of defiance. Bless him! I would give my right arm to see him in the Kingdom!" Curtis signed.

"Florence's eyes filled with tears. It looks like we will have an ocean between us again when our children need us. I had so wanted to be there this time when our grandchild is born."

"Well, my dear, you can be. I want you to go on the Mariposa," Curtis announced his decision.

"Curtis, I can't leave you! What would I do? What would you do without me to look after you? I can take most anything, but this separation ... an ocean between us! Oh, this cruel war! Yesterday it was so far away ..." Florence began to absorb the implications of the State Department's directive.

Representatives of the mission met after polling the stations to make plans. It was decided that a small group should stay if they felt led, but that at this time the evacuation of most of the mission would relieve tensions for the Korean church as well as comply with the State Department's order.

Seven chose to stay. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson felt that they could not leave the leprosy colony, the only institution still running. Dr. and Mrs. Talmage decided it was important for him to stay. As official Judicial Person for mission property, he felt responsible to the Mission Board for the considerable property belonging to them which the Japanese would certainly want to confiscate. Miss Mary Dodson and Miss Florence Root felt no call of God to leave, so chose to stay in Korea as their home. For Curtis the decision was harder. The Seminary was closed. He was miles away from the rest of his mission, yet he had a strong desire to stay and work with Hyung Jay and the few students whom he had gathered about him.

"On November 16, 1940, the S. S. Mariposa took on board at the port of Inchon 219 Americans, mostly missionaries and their children. Among these were about fifty Southern Presbyterians. No vessel ever left Inchon with such freight as the Mariposa carried. Children leaving parents, wives parted from their husbands, friends who through hard years had been closer than brothers, separated perhaps never to meet

again. . . . Unfinished plans, abandoned projects, cherished work left with little hope that it would be carried on . . . "3

Florence was one of the fifty Southern Presbyterians who waved to Curtis through her tears as the Mariposa pulled out of Inchon harbor. She did get to Greensboro, North Carolina, in time for baby Thompson's arrival on January 13. Though ill with flu and heartache, she did what she could to help.

A plain clothes policeman was assigned each American remaining in Korea after the evacuation. The missionaries lived in their homes but were under house arrest, never free of surveillance. Curtis's shadow, Kim, was one of those despised Koreans in Japanese employ considered a traitor by his countrymen. Kim was a taciturn man of sour expression, and Curtis tried every way he knew to break his shell. His jokes were not considered funny. He talked to him as a friend without response. Kim's very gloomy presence was depressing.

It became obvious that Hyung Jay must not be implicated by his relationship with Curtis. He and Mong Nai decided to go to Seoul and get lost in its teeming multitudes finding what secular employment they could for the duration.

Meanwhile, there was no communication with America. The State Department received some messages from the government which they received

Department received some messages of urgent nature which they delivered in person. Mail service was discontinued outside the country. This made the separation between Curtis and Florence the more painful. One of the five remaining Americans in Pyengyang, a Catholic priest, was found to have a short-wave radio and imprisoned. Curtis and the others took turns walking to the prison with hot food for him. Word had reached him that the Wilson Leprosy Colony had been taken over by the Japanese and the 1100 patients shipped to an unoccupied island. The Wilsons were allowed to leave.

Curtis prayed for guidance. Had he made a mistake to stay? Could there be any purpose in the self-chosen confinement with little or no opportunity for any kind of witness? He missed Florence to help him in this lonely time.

On an afternoon in late October 1941, nearly a year since he had waved goodbye to Florence on the Mariposa, Curtis and Kim went out for their daily walk. Kim, by this time, walked with Curtis instead of following him, but there was still little or no communication. This particular afternoon, there was not a word exchanged. Curtis hummed hymn tunes reminding himself of their words for courage. On their return, Kim stopped at the front door. He drew from his pocket several slips of paper written in Japanese and handed them to Curtis. It did not take long for Curtis to see the first was an official order for his arrest. It was dated the following day. The other two were "To-Jonged" (stamped with a signature seal) permits to board a train for Inchon and a commuter ship to Shanghai.

"There is a train leaving at five o'clock," Kim said without expression. "I am now going off duty." He turned on his heel and headed down the path to the gate.

With only a briefcase, Curtis boarded the crowded train, apparently unnoticed. Behind him were his friends, his life work and their total worldly possessions; but he knew in his heart that his was a miraculous escape. In time he learned that the other Americans in North Korea were also to be arrested and herded into a forced march during the winter months to Manchuria. Many fell along the way and few survived with enough health for further service. He thought often of Kim. What made him do such a thing to risk his own life?

When Monday morning came and Kim did not show up with his prisoner, the police network was alerted and a search revealed his departure plans. Word was sent to Shanghai to meet the ship and arrest Curtis. A launch set out with a police escort to carry out the order, but again Providence intervened. The launch was hit by another boat in the over-crowded harbor and Curtis landed in Shanghai a free man. From Shanghai he was able to find passage on a cargo ship to San Francisco. The Golden Gate never looked more beautiful.

December seventh found the Cranes united around the Southall's dinner table in their mountain manse in Banner Elk, North Carolina. Pobai had come from Agnes Scott, Paul from Davidson for the baptism of 11-month old Tommy. The young gentleman in question was very interested in his grandfather who dipped his hand into the baptismal bowl of Jordan River water. Tommy reached into the bowl and put some water on Grandad's head. It seemed the thing to do.

The dinner table conversation turned naturally to Korea and the Japanese war.

"At Davidson," Paul remarked, "there is a strong feeling that Japan will attack us. What do you think, Dad?"

"Never! I can't believe they would have the nerve. They have their hands full with China. I'll eat my hat if they do."

Mother Southall had left the table to turn on the radio for the news: "Japanese bombers have attacked Pearl Harbor ... Day of Infamy" ... Roosevelt's resonant voice gave the words the shock of reality.

"Here is your hat, Dad," Lillian said. It was meant to be a joke, but it wasn't. All they could think of was their friends in Korea.

Paul's dream of being a medical missionary to Korea had not dimmed during his undergraduate years at Davidson. These had been happy years for him. Part of the time his roommate was his first cousin, "the other Paul Crane," son of Paul and Katherine. Paul E. as they distinguished themselves, was planning to enter the ministry. Paul S., however, never wavered from his interest in medicine. Without any plan for financing his medical education, he applied to his three favorite medical schools. His acceptance by all three threw him into a state of panic. How could he meet the initial payment? Just at this time a

retired surgeon, Dr. Cook, came to Dr. Darby Fulton at the Mission Board with the offer to finance the education of a medical missionary to compensate for his own unfulfilled dream of being a missionary doctor. It did not take long for Dr. Fulton to get in touch with Paul with whose plans he was well acquainted. With this help and the Army's educational plan, he was able to attend his first choice, Johns Hopkins Medical School of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

During his summers working at Montreat, the conference center for the Presbyterian Church, U. S. , Paul and Sophie Montgomery, a "mish kid" from China, began a friendship which proved the beginning of a life-long storybook romance. After they both had graduated from college, they were married in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church in Atlanta which was home to Sophie during her years at Agnes Scott. Her parents, the James Montgomerys, were still in China under house arrest. Curtis performed the ceremony in June of 1942. This high point in his life found him nervous with excitement. His usually facile tongue wouldn't work and he pronounced in solemn tone, "With this wing I thee wed." For the Cranes, wings were even more symbolic than rings.

Curtis had little time to wonder what he would do during the war years. An urgent call came from the small Presbyterian Church in

the sleepy little gulf coast town of Pascagoula, (Singing River) Mississippi. With a poggy plant making fertilizer of fish at one end of town and a paper mill on the other, there were no favorable winds. The war had forced upon them an abrupt change in their calm way of life. Engles Shipyard was given a large Navy contract to build a fleet of ships. The population doubled overnight, causing shortages in housing, water and utilities, as well as crowding in schools and transportation. The whole town was shoved into action, and Curtis and Florence arrived just in time to lend a helping hand.

The Catholic priest and most of the town's clergy banded together to meet emergency needs--suicide calls, abandoned wives and/or children, stranded transients, homeless job seekers and people in trouble with the law. They used their influence with the courts, the housing authorities and other helping agencies to deal with crises in the lives of families on the move.

To minister to spiritual needs, Sunday Schools were started near the housing projects and a bussing service was provided free to those wishing to attend morning worship.

Curtis and Florence moved into the large, unfurnished white frame manse next door to the church and a block off main street. Church members helped them furnish the manse in "early attic." With Florence's artistic touch, it soon took on warmth and charm as it hosted people from all walks of life at any hour of the day or night. It served as a Sunday School for the tiny church on Sunday mornings with classes in every room but the bath which, in turn, served as the congregation's

restrooms. Curtis complained mildly to Florence that he had no place to pray.

On one such busy Sunday, a young Navy officer stopped to speak to Curtis after the service.

"I liked your sermon, Dr. Crane," said Bill Hefelfinger. "You raised some questions in my mind which I would like to discuss with you."

"Fine, come over to the manse sometime and we'll talk," Curtis cordially invited.

"Could I come tomorrow night?" Bill persisted.

"Why, certainly," Curtis tried to cover his surprise at this prompt acceptance. "Come and have supper."

With this began a weekly session of Bible study which for Bill was a new and satisfying experience. He had not been raised in a church-going home and came to the Scriptures with an openness which made Curtis feel he was back in Korea.

The Sunday Bill was to be baptised with the children of the communicants class, Pobai was home for the summer from Agnes Scott. The baptismal bowl, polished for the occasion, had been left on the kitchen table. Curtis sent word to deliver it to the church post haste. Pobai responded and was startled to meet this large, good looking young officer in such a setting. In the course of time, Bill began to come to the manse for more reasons than Bible study. At their wedding some months later, brother Paul was heard to quip, "It's too bad Dad hasn't any more daughters with which to reward his disciples!"

In spite of the pressures and excitement of the Pascagoula days,

the Cranes never forgot Korea, and their friends there were daily remembered in their prayers and conversations. Paul and Hon Won kept in touch as they were near in Baltimore and Washington. Hon Won had gotten his Ph. D. in political science at the American University, and was a member of Syngman Rhee's inner circle anxiously awaiting Japan's defeat and their return to leadership of a new Korea.

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With the Japanese surrender in 1946, the Cranes were eager to get back to Korea to see who and what was left after the war's carnage. The Mission Board appointed a task force of seven including Curtis to scout out the land. They would have to go on military ships as space became available.

Dr. Wilson arrived first in January of 1946. He received a royal welcome from his Christian friends in Kwangju and the population in general. It took some time to find and reassemble his leprosy patients. He found many to be in very poor condition due to neglect and malnutrition.

Again Curtis and Florence faced an ocean separation. "Surely, it will not be long," Curtis assured Florence. "The Board has authorized you to go, so it just depends on clearance from the State Department and a space on a ship of some kind."

"Curtis, it would help me if we had a home of our own. Do you advise we have to per*****?"

realize we have no permanent address?" Florence finally was able to express something that had been on her mind in recent days.

"You are right, of course. As I told Mr. Park one time, our journey has always been our home, but we do need some place to store our stuff. If we could find a little place for sale, we could make a down payment and rent it to take care of the monthly installments." Curtis picked up on her idea and was ready to begin a search. "Where, my dear, do you want to have this home?"

"Well, it's no use to try to be near our children, for they are as flighty as we. I love the Gulf Coast. Its beauty in changing moods is always sketchable. The warm climate would give us low heating bills. After Pyongyang's bitter cold (sometimes 40 below zero), I never want to live in the north again. Let's look and see what is for sale." Florence went to find the paper for the ads.

The next afternoon they bought a small white cottage a block from the Gulf on a quiet tree-lined Finley Street in Gulfport, Mississippi. Carpenters arrived the following day for necessary repairs and painters were at work before the end of the week.

The Pascagoula Manse had been changed to a comfortable home on the Gulf during the time of the Crane's stay. It was to this house filled with packing boxes that the Southall family of Lillian, Thompson, Tommy and red-headed four-year-old Florence came on their way to their new home and assignment in New Orleans. Thompson had been called by the Presbytery to be Home Mission Superintendent.

"We always find you packing to go somewhere," Lillian said laughing. "You Cranes never light for long."

"At least we have an address," Florence responded with some satisfaction. "You are just in time to help us pack and move our stuff into the garage. Mother Hedleston and I will camp in Gulfport until I can get passage to Korea; then I will take Mother to Brother's in Oxford."

Mr. Park sat sipping his hot tea while Jade and Sun Ai served his evening rice and fish. His once straight shoulders had a gentle slope.

"My wife, the inside of my home," he said to Jade, "the blessing of old age has come to visit us both during these long war years. If being in want is a blessing, we have little of anything left. Our lands have been confiscated. Our clothes are threadbare and food is so scarce our once smooth faces are wrinkled like the old goat's. We do not even boast the gift of children near to look after us, except for our loving daughter-in-law Sun Ai, and she has no children to carry on the family name."

"I keep hoping we will hear from Mong Nai and Hyung Jay," Jade answered, sharing his thoughts. "How I would love to see Hon Il. He must be full grown by now."

As if in answer to their wish, the gateman came running into the courtyard, "Master, your daughter and son-in-law and grandson have come in a taxi and are on their way into the house!"

"Oh, Father, I am so grateful to find you alive and well! Dear Jade, how I have missed you!" Mong Nai bowed low to her father as her eyes embraced him. She and Jade gave each other an American hug.

Hyung Jay and Chun Il followed with greetings and bows all around.

Jade could not take her eyes off Chun Il. "What a well formed young gentleman you are, Grandson!" You have the carriage of your honorable Grandfather!"

"Come, sit by me, Chun Il," Mr. Park's joy has hard to control. "I want to learn to know you since you have become a man!"

"Sun Ai and I will get something ready to eat. We don't have a cook in these hard times," Jade said as she rose to leave.

"No, stay, Jade, we have a surprise for you. Close your eyes for a minute," Mong Nai said as she left to open the secret door for which she kept a key.

The gate swung open and a tall, handsome man dressed in a western business suit entered. It took a minute for his parents to recognize their distinguished looking son, Hon Won, who was bowing before them in traditional filial piety.

Mr. Park could not speak. His heart pounded strangely. Could he be dreaming?

Sun Ai's response was quicker. She ran to him, then hesitated before bowing to this stranger who was her husband. Hon Won took her small hand and held her in a warm embrace. "You will have to learn some of my American ways," he said, laughing as he kissed her.

Jade's tears of joy ran down her cheeks unchecked. "Give me a hug, too, my son," she said rising to join them.



After a hastily prepared meal, they talked into the night. Hon Won told of his arrival in Seoul with Syngman Rhee's party. The excitement was electric. They were almost mobbed at the train station.

"What will happen next, son?" Mr. Park could not believe this suave, intelligent man was his son. "Will there be elections?"

"Things are at a standstill, honorable Father, until the United Nation's Commission can come and take a survey of both north and south Korea and supervise an election. You know Kim Il Sung is an avowed communist and will not let any such democratic process take place in the north, we fear. It looks like our beloved country will be divided for the first time in its five thousand year history. Hordes of people are coming into Seoul everyday from the north, bringing with them only what they can carry on their backs. It is a tragic mistake made by the great powers at their Yalta Conference. The dream of a united democracy we have held for our land is fading fast. Well, let's talk of other matters. What did the war do to you, Hyung Jay?"

Hyung Jay told of their life in a small house on a back street in Seoul. He had found work in a bookstore where he met some other Christians, and through them was invited to conduct worship services at night in their home. In spite of poverty and war, they had survived and felt stronger for the experience.

"Have either of you had any word from your brother, Hon Sic?" Mr. Park asked, not really expecting news.

"Seoul is astir with every kind of rumor," Hyung Jay answered. As Hon Won says, the People's Committee for North Korea under Kim

Il Sung has been set up. I'm sure he is the same man Hon Sic mentioned when he was with us for your Hon Gop. This Kim was trained in Russia also. I don't know if Hon Sic is with him in Pyengyang or not, but it is highly probable.

It was the summer of 1946 before Curtis and Joe Hopper were able to book passage to Korea. Their re-entry was into a very different world from the one they had evacuated in late 1941. The tight control and efficiency of the Japanese regime was replaced with wild enthusiasm and mass confusion. It was as if the cork had been released from a bottle of volatile explosive. There was still not established Korean government in South Korea. General Hodge, awaiting a U. N. Commission visit to monitor an election, was trying to keep order and get the economy going in spite of the handicaps of lack of language and understanding of Korean thought patterns and traditions. Most of the G. I. s swarming into the country were very young and new to any foreign country with little appreciation of anything beyond the borders of their home towns. Through their colossal blunders in custom, they insulted the country folk of Soonchun with their beer-drinking, Kesang-keeping (dancing girls) raucous ways. On the positive side, however, there were many wise and competent advisors who were able gradually to help the inexperienced Koreans to eventually establish some ordered progress.

"We have never known any Americans who were not Christians," Hyung Jay told Curtis, "so, when word was circulated that the military wanted English-speaking interpreters, I volunteered. After a day or so of, "Hey, you dumb Kook," followed by a string of oaths about my God, I quit. It is so strange to see beer trucks and Kesang girls drive up to your old home which holds such happy memories for me."

Curtis set up camp in the Preston house since the army had commandeered the half of the compound on which his home was located. No Jiki was no longer in Soonchun, but his itinerating helper, Kim Se Bang, was more than glad to look after his needs. He scrounged what he could in the way of food. Many Koreans discovered early that they could live off the G.I.'s waste. The missionary homes had been looted and gutted. All metal pipes had been removed for bullets, but the solid granite structures stood their ground against any assault.

As news of Curtis's return began to circulate, friends from long ago found their way to the bare room he called his study. Some brought a book or so rescued from his once large library.

The Presbyterian Church was alive and well and growing so fast the leadership could not fill the demands. Hyung Jay had calls to churches all over Korea. Those ministers who had served a prison term for their faith were considered heroes and were eagerly sought as pastors of large churches. By now Hyung Jay was a mature man of deep faith and an eloquent preacher.

"It is hard to find the Lord's will for me," he confided to Curtis. "It would add to prestige and income to accept a call to a church in Seoul. But my boy, my life is in Seoul. I was raised there. I have never lived elsewhere. I am a native-born Korean. I was born in the First

But my loyalty is to South Chulla where I was raised. I love these people and feel that I am needed here; so I have accepted the call to the First Presbyterian Church in Soonchun. Maybe I'm afraid to be involved in all the political intrigue that seems to be a part of a large city church."

"I admire your feelings, Hyung Jay. I am sure you are needed here and that you will be blessed in this decision. Not many have this sort of insight."

"Do you remember Sohn Yang Won who was in our class at Seminary? He was imprisoned with me and has been swamped with calls to large city churches. He has taken the pastorate of the Wilson Leprosy Church. As he said, 'There will be few wanting my church.' Somehow, that is what I think Christ would do. I admire him very much and we have become close friends. One of his sons is the same age as Chun Il."

"Yes, I do remember Yang Won and look forward to seeing him again soon," Curtis answered. "How is Chun Il? He must be college age by now."

"Yes, we are sending him to Yonsei University this fall, if it opens. He seems to be a boy of strong convictions which I hope will carry him through the pressures of university life."

"One of my first calls will be to your father-in-law, Mr. Park," Curtis promised as they parted.

The general unrest and ferment served as yeast to the church. The leadership, depleted by four years without any seminary graduates and the death in prison of more than fifty Presbyterian ministers alone, was not equal to the challenge. Factions arose, splitting the church in several directions. In spite, or because of this, all branches grew. By the spring of 1946 most of the Presbyteries in the south had met and reorganized. On June 12 of the same year, the General Assembly convened without any representation from North Korea except of those many Christians who had fled south to escape the Communist rule. They gave thanks to God that the August 15th surrender in 1945 of the Japanese had forestalled a scheduled mass execution of Korean Christians for August 17th.

The focus of the church splits seemed to be centered on the seminary. Since the Presbyterian seminary in Pyengyang had been closed in 1938, the church had no official seminary for the training of its ministers. An independent group had started the Chosen Seminary in Seoul which was unacceptable to some. The far right wing started a new seminary in Pusan which was also not endorsed by the General Assembly. Finally, in 1949 Dr. Pak Hyung Nong, a former professor in Pyengyang, was asked by the Assembly to head a new Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul on the site of a former Japanese shrine. Dr. Pak enlisted Curtis to teach theology. Gradually, a Presbyterian denomination grew up around each of these teaching institutions. The unity worked for over the years by missionary representatives of the Presbyterian denominations of North and South in the United States and of Canada and Australia was broken. However, the disension did not keep each group from a period of exciting growth.

A violent hurricane was whirling its course into the Gulf of Mexico right toward New Orleans in the fall of 1947 when the Southall home was serving as preparation station for the Board-appointed medical survey team to Korea. Paul and Sophie and Margaret Pritchard made up the team. Their assignment was to bring the necessary medical equipment and supplies to reopen a hospital. Paul had been released early from his military service, after having completed his intern and residency requirements in surgery at Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore. Two freight cars were needed to hold the sophisticated operating room equipment, the patient care essentials from beds to commodes, and the building materials with such items as windows and nails. All of these had to be ordered, assembled and transported before construction could begin.

By candlelight they waited out the storm, answering what calls that came over the radio to which they could respond. Paul and Margaret took off on foot, trying to miss the live wires lying in the streets, for an emergency medical station set up in a nearby school. Tom managed to get his car out to the Ponchatrain Lake front to rescue a young nurse who had missed the evacuation bus. A Hedleston cousin with his family of four arrived at midnight for shelter from high water in their low area of the city. The storm abated, and after weeks of delay, the team finally set sail, not from New Orleans as planned, but from San Francisco for Inchon, Korea.

By spring of 1947 Florence was able to join the other missionary wives on a ship headed for Korea and a happy reunion with Curtis. At their fall mission meeting there were seventeen veteran missionaries present.

Along with the unsettled political and economic situation, the mission faced some hard choices regarding their role and work in the newly emerging nation of South Korea. It was agreed that the Presbyterian Churches of Korea were independent bodies--self-supporting and self-propagating. The missionary role would be advisory if and when asked by the Korean Church. Any schools that would be reopened would have to be supported and operated by the Church or its appointed boards. The mission would deed the property to any authorized body as requested. Thanks to Dr. Talmage's nine months in a prison cell because of his refusal under duress to give in to the Japanese, all mission property was still legally intact.

Bible schools and hospitals would be the only institutions supported by the mission because of the expense involved and the specially trained personnel required for maintaining high standards. The medical team's recommendations were adopted: To place the emphasis on training Korean doctors and nurses in a medical center to be opened in Chunju; to provide a special Tuberculosis hospital in Kwangju with outpatient care as well as in-hospital treatment for victims of Korea's number one disease; and the Leprosy Colony at Soonchun would continue to have mission support in money and personnel. There would be a public health clinic in the port station of Mokpo. Paul and Sophie and Margaret were

assigned to Chunju to begin this gigantic endeavor which during the next decade was to have a two million dollar plant.

In 1948 the U. N. Commission was finally ready to set up elections in South Korea after being convinced that North Korea would not cooperate with them. The temporary 38th parallel had become another iron curtain. Elections were held on May 10 and Syngman Rhee's party received fifty-five seats over the two other rival parties. Hon Won was elated. He took the train to Soonchun to share the good news with his parents.

"And what will be your place in this new government, my son?" Mr. Park asked with pride.

"I have been offered several posts, but I would rather serve as an advisor to President Rhee instead of having any specific office. I will be paid well, of course, and furnished a fine home near the East Gate. Which is the main reason I came this long way to tell you in person. I want you and Mother to come visit Sun Ai and me and be present at the inauguration. This is the fulfillment of a dream, Father, to see Korea launched as a democracy."

"My old bones have not traveled so far in years, Hon Won, but I do want to see this ceremony and meet President Rhee. What about it, Jade, will you go with me?"

"Jade laughed, "Yes, I will go anywhere to see my son."

"That settles it then. I have asked the Cranes who will also be my guests to bring you with them in their car to save you a crowded train trip."

The day of the inauguration, August 15, 1948, finally arrived-- three long years after the Japanese surrender. Seoul was a sea of brightly clad people. The Parks and the Cranes were fortunate to have reserved seats, for they could not have held their own in the press of people. "General Douglas MacArthur proclaimed in solemn tone the passing of the military government and the transfer of its authority into the hands of Syngman Rhee, the first president appointed by the National Assembly. The Stars and Stripes was lowered and the ancient Taeguk flag of Korea was raised over the capitol dome.⁵ A fragile era of freedom had been initiated under the leadership of a revered but aging man.

October of the same year found Florence and Curtis still camping in the Preston house in Soonchun awaiting the opening of the Presbyterian

Seminary in Seoul. Curtis had never been busier. As founding father of most of the churches in Soonchun Presbytery, he was in constant demand as a leader of revivals and other special meetings.

The morning of October 20th dawned like most golden autumn days. It was harvest time and Kimchi pickle time. The rhythm of the seasons brought with fall a quickening of the step and a lift of spirits to the busy people of Soonchun. They were completely unprepared for the day's events.

In North Korea Kim Il Sung's well-trained army was committed to reuniting their divided land under the Communist rule. Hon Sic, now a general, was put in charge of a large-scale infiltration of the South Korean army in order to effect a coup. The plan was to be launched in the South where it was hoped that the revolting army would be joined by sympathetic citizens who would produce a mass movement toward Seoul from the south. At this time the North Korean Army would invade and Seoul would be surrounded and conquered.

During the wee hours of the morning, the officers and police force in Yesu had been assassinated one by one. The Communist leadership took over the army and commandeered the train. At each stop they were joined by communist sympathizers on their way to Soonchun.

Carl Mydahs of TIME described it thus in the November 1 issue of that year: "The pretty little valley of Soonchun rests neatly at the bottom of the rugged Chiri Mountains, twelve miles north of the port of Yesu. On the morning of October 20, Soonchun's farmers were harvesting their rice when they heard a siren and the rattle of small

arms from the railroad station. They looked up to see 2,000 rebel soldiers and 400 civilians swarming off the train from Yesu. The rebels approached Soonchun city peacefully; but as soon as they entered the city, police opened fire. Joined by a company of soldiers guarding the city bridge, the rebels fired back. After a short, sharp battle, they were in full control.

"Then the rebels, joined by part of the citizenry, paraded through the city under North Korea's Communist banner, singing 'Ten Thousand years to the North Korean People's Republic!'"

"When darkness came, Communist execution squads went from house to house, shooting 'rightists' in their beds or marching them to collection points where they were mowed down. In two and a half days, 500 civilians were slaughtered."⁶

On Plum Mountain, the news reached the missionaries who gathered for mutual safety in the Crane's house. They were: Meta Bigger, Louise Miller, Janet Crane and Elmer Boyer with the Cranes. Sometime during the two-day massacre, two young American lieutenants, Steward Breenbaum and Gordon Mohu, who had escaped a firing squad, joined them for hiding. Several Christian leaders also sought sanctuary in the attic.

Since they were completely cut off from the rest of Korea, Florence thought of making a large American flag to put on the roof in case a U. S. plane should come to their rescue. From Curtis's old shirts and some other scraps, the ladies made a recognizable flag. Their limited resources allowed for only sixteen stars. A picture of this group with their flag was circulated widely in the American press.

Hon Sic, in charge of this operation by the Communists, was having some serious second thoughts as he witnessed the carnage of these two days of terror. He had assumed responsibility of the section of town in which his family lived to ensure their protection. He had managed to get a warning message to them. This was not the exciting conquering conquest that he had envisioned.

When the mob, drunk with brutality, proposed a march on the mission compound on Plum Mountain, Hon Sic was torn in loyalty and sick at heart. What could he do to stop them?

The missionaries could hear the crowd approaching to the chant, "Death to the American Capitalists!"

"You all stay inside while I go out on the porch and try to talk to them," Curtis said. He opened the door and stepped out to face the mob pounding at the gate. Somehow, this slender, unarmed man had a sobering effect. In the instant of quiet Hon Sic saw his opportunity. "We can't kill Dr. Crane," he shouted, "for he was my teacher." There were murmurs from the crowd, "Yes, he taught me, too." Like quicksilver the mood changed. Just at this time a shot from approaching reinforcements from Chunju turned their attention to other matters and they moved happily down the hill.

The recapture of Soonchun was as bloody as the initial attack. The Korean Army with American advisors arrived two days later. After a fierce encounter, the rebels who were not killed or captured melted into the hills to escape. These formed guerilla bands who lived off the land and molested villages by night for the next several years.

Hon Sic was captured and convicted of leading the insurrection, but instead of being executed as expected, he was given a prison term. The town of Soonchun was the poorer by about 3,000 of its best citizens who had been singled out for their leadership. A large percentage of these were Christians.

The following week Hon Won was sitting with his father on the porch of the study by the lotus pond. He had come down from Seoul to see for himself what had happened in Soonchun and to check on his family.

"I have lived too long, my son," Mr. Park's voice shook. "Never had I thought that a son of mine would take part in mass killing of the good people of his own home town. What kind of doctrine is this that would change him in this way? I had thought Communism was a political party, but this is some form of devil possession."

"We cannot understand it either, father. For years Hon Sic has been conditioned to think that the party is god, and human life is not important if it is necessary to kill in order to promote the plans of the party. I am just glad that they were not successful. Our government is too new and weak to defend itself against such an attack. We were saved by some mistake in the timing of the Communist high command, and by the power of God." Hon Won continued, lowering his voice, "I will tell you, but

please seal your tongue to this. It was through my influence that Hon Sic was not executed."

"I am glad you could do that for your brother, though he does not deserve it. Maybe he will change during his prison term which should give him time to meditate. He cannot be all bad. He, at least, had the good sense to save our friends, the Cranes. We do not have that on our consciences."

As soon as it was safe to be on the streets, Hyung Jay and Mong Nai came to visit the Cranes.

"Hyung Jay, I don't know how you escaped," Curtis said after they had discussed Hon Sic's role in saving the missionaries.

"I guess the Lord was looking after me as usual," Hyung Jay said with a smile and then sobered. "But, why me? I was out at Kohung visiting some former members who were in trouble. Mong Nai had gone over to her parents and Hon Sic had taken that section of the city to insure his parents' safety. I am so saddened over our friend, Sohn Yang Won, you know, the pastor at the Leprosy Colony. His two sons, Tong In and Tong Shin, were brought in by a classmate with their hands tied behind their backs. They were shot in the face many times. I am ill with sorrow just to think of it. If Chun Il had not been away in school, it could so easily have been he."

"We had not heard of this," Curtis's shock and distress were evident. "What horribly unnecessary brutality and carnage!"

"My friend, Yang Won, went to the Korean Army commander who was holding Kangaroo court to try those engaged in the killings and asked him to spare the classmate who had killed his sons. He promised to serve as the boy's guarantor."

The colonel was dumbfounded, but answered: "I have never heard of such love as this before. It is beyond me. But I believe you are sincere. I shall turn the young man over to you for your keeping as you have asked. You take full responsibility for him."⁷

"Would you let me go with you to visit your friend?" Curtis asked. "I would like to sit at his feet and learn Christian grace as well as offer my love and sympathy."

1949 brought a new kind of test to the Cranes. Curtis's thin, wiry body had been remarkably sturdy during his strenuous life driven as it was by an endless supply of nervous energy. During one of his many outdoor meetings one cold, rainy week, he took a cold which went into double pneumonia which in turn triggered a serious heart attack. He was taken to Chunju to the newly opened Jesus Hospital of which Paul was the director.

Father and son's roles were reversed as Paul faced the very difficult

task of having to give his father the verdict of the medical staff that he must retire.

"This is the hardest thing I have ever had to do, Dad. I know what it means to you to give up short of retirement, but you will not be able to answer the calls that come to you out here. For Mama's sake as well as your own, you must take time to recover in a quiet atmosphere."

Word soon got around that the Cranes were leaving, probably for good. Their many friends were genuinely grieved. The outpouring of love in the form of expensive gifts, visits, letters and resolutions, while sincerely appreciated, made Curtis and Florence realize more fully just how deep their roots were in this land of their adoption.

Paul had to be firm in his order that Curtis was to have no visitors in order to conserve his weakened heart against the trip to America. Fortunately, air travel was the new order of the day which would be easier than the former long ship and train journey. They had little in the way of possessions, making packing easy except for the many gifts which Sophie promised to pack and send to Gulfport for them.

A large crowd gathered at the airport in Seoul to say goodbye to Curtis and Florence. During various parting words, Curtis heard a new phrase. Characteristically, he reached for his little black book and jotted it down. A habit of a lifetime couldn't be broken, and besides there was always hope.

The Southalls were on hand to meet the plane in New Orleans and drive the Cranes to Gulfport. They stayed to help them get settled in their comfortable little home. The recent hurricane had flooded the garage

where their things had been stored, leaving books and mattresses moldy and, for the most part, ready for the dump.

"Is this the end?" Curtis asked Florence as his weakness gave way to discouragement.

"Well, it can't be," Florence responded. "You are alive and we have been given some time to enjoy the first home of our own which is paid for with the last month's rent. You give time and the Lord a chance to heal your damaged heart, and you will see what he has in mind for you to do next. My guess is that it won't be long, want to bet?"

Early spring on the Gulf Coast came with a riot of camellias, azaleas and flowering bulbs, bringing with it renewed hope to the Cranes in their transplanted environment. Curtis's strength began to return slowly.

The grandchildren, Martha and Susie Hefelfinger from St. Louis, and Tommy, Florence and the twins, Curtis and Marable Southall, loved to visit "Grandaddy's ocean." Martha, aged four, asked as she watched the tide go out, "Where does Grandaddy turn the water off?"

Florence was busy planting flowers and sketching the ever-changing moods of the Gulf framed in great live oaks trimmed with Spanish moss.

On such a day, the mail from Korea brought a letter from Dr. Pak, President of the new Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul.

"Dr. Crane," wrote Dr. Pak, "we urgently need your theology textbook. Our students are floundering without a Korean text. When will you be able to begin to work on it again? We are prepared to send a Korean scholar or two to work with you at our expense. We have several names to suggest. Would you like to have your friend and former student, Oh Hyung Jay?"

"You see," Florence picked up Curtis's excitement, "it took a heart attack to slow you down enough to do what the Lord had in mind for you to do all along--finish your theology textbook."

In the days that followed, the Board of World Missions with the Seminary Board worked out the financial details. A new executive IBM typewriter was installed, and Hyung Jay and Kim arrived to begin the work of a Korean and English text.

It would be impossible for the Cranes not to become involved in the life of the community and the churches in Gulfport and up and down the Coast. Friends from Pascagoula were eager to help make their adjustment more pleasant. In time Curtis was able to preach as a supply in nearby churches and to teach the men's Bible class at the First Presbyterian Church in Gulfport which Florence had joined. She was appointed to the building committee for the new sanctuary which must be built to replace the old one leveled by the hurricane of 1947.

"The fourth postwar annual meeting of the Korea Mission was called to order in Chunju, June 21, 1950." A spirit of optimism and excitement filled the group. From every side, the Korean Church had sprung back to life after the Japanese war in a breathtaking fashion. The Korean Government was making progress, and the economy was becoming more stable. Even the trains were running on time. There were twenty-two new missionary recruits who had come to join the same number of 'old timers.' The business of the meeting dealt mostly with questions of choosing the most important calls for service from the overwhelming number of opening doors.

"Sunday, June 25, the mission was enjoying a quiet day of rest in the midst of a busy schedule. In the afternoon, all gathered together for the annual communion service. Few noticed when Paul was called out."⁸ Doctors are always on call. When he reached the hall, he was startled to see Hon Won with a representative of the State Department. They had come to tell him and the mission of the North Korean invasion. The massive attack was unstoppable. It would be only a matter of days until Seoul would fall and from there the rest of the nation could offer little resistance. The mission was asked to be ready to leave on an hour's notice for Pusan, the port of evacuation."⁵

Hon Won was on his way to Soonchun to warn his family. Paul clasped his friends' hands and thanked them for their bravery and thoughtfulness. They had to risk leaving their families in danger to come to warn the mission. Stunned, he went back into the communion service, waiting until it was over to give this life-threatening news.

"Not again? After Korea suffered once..."

...and now this? The mission was in a state of shock and confusion.

...The mission was in a state of shock and confusion.

"Not again? Hasn't Korea suffered enough?" was the thought most often expressed by the missionaries as they made plans to obey the State Department's directive.

All day Monday the mission waited, but no word came from Seoul. No one could return home for fear of being stranded. They had with them only what they had brought in a suitcase for mission meeting. Jeeps, trucks and other cars were prepared for a hurried departure. Rations, water, gasoline and medical kits were assembled. Around midnight, word came from the embassy to leave immediately to Pusan, where an evacuation ship awaited.⁹

They left in convoy at dawn the next morning, spending the night in Soonchun. It was nine o'clock Wednesday night when the party of fifty Southern Presbyterians boarded the evacuation ship which sailed early Thursday under air cover for Fukuoka, Japan. For Sophie and Paul this was their first such separation. It came at a particularly hard time as Sophie was pregnant with their first and long hoped for child. Paul did not feel he could leave the hospital, and so decided to stay as long as he could work. The missionary party was welcomed by the American Red Cross and missionary friends working in Japan.

The medical team of the Jesus Hospital, Dr. Bush and nurses Talmage and Lindler, worked to get all patients to their homes with what medication they needed and to be sure that all hospital staff had a way of escape to hiding. They worked on from day to day with a jeep loaded to leave when the North Koreans crossed the Kum River just north of the city. Six weeks had passed when they were interrupted in emergency

surgery with the news that the Kum River was now in enemy hands. They finished the necessary details of the operation and saw that the patient's family could take him to safety, then jumped in their waiting jeep. Driving all night, they reached Pusan safely and from there took ship for Japan.

The Cranes in Gulfport and their Korean translator friends searched the papers and waited anxiously for news of this latest devastating development in the country they loved. Just when the nation was pulling out of its oppression by the Japanese and that long hard war to have it divided by another and even more cruel was too painful to accept. The first letters from Paul and Sophie came from Japan. They told of Hon Won's visit to Soonchun which comforted Hyung Jay somewhat. Paul volunteered to help in an army hospital and was assigned to the receiving center for the first casualties of American boys. It was heartbreaking to have to deal with these vulnerable young, inexperienced kids whom the war had confronted with sudden mutilation and too often death. It was also in this hospital that baby Virginia was born. Her birth brought a shaft of pure joy to the otherwise grim experiences of their days.

When the American army was able to break out of the Pusan perimeter after the Inchon landing, Paul went with a medical corps unit back to Korea and was able to get through to Chunju. What he found was horrible beyond imagining. The unfinished basement of the new hospital had been used as a prison for political prisoners. Nearly every city block in Chunju had an informer who supplied names of educated people in positions of leadership in the town or church. These were herded together for

systematic mass massacre. High School girls were assigned the job of using garden hoes to chop the victims to death, thus saving men and ammunition. Fortunately, many had feared this treatment from the Soonchun experience, and had taken to the high mountains where the guerillas were unable to find them. The individual stories of heroism as Christians tried to save others were the only bright spot in a very bleak picture.

By October, five missionaries were given permission to return to Korea leaving their families still in Japan. Leaving Sophie and baby Virginia, Paul returned to ^{reopen} the Jesus hospital. It would be four long years before Sophie could return. Miraculously, most of the hospital staff had escaped and one by one returned to their posts, each with an incredible story of his or her brush with death.

Miss Florence Root was hidden by Korean Christian friends and moved from place to place, once disguised as a corpse in a coffin. In spite of several near captures, she came through unharmed. Mr. Boyer, the first missionary to go back to Soonchun, told of having to bury twenty-five bodies in an unmarked grave. But the stories were not without their lighter side. One enemy tank fell into an open sewer and was abandoned. The townspeople with Mr. Boyer fished it out and got it in working order. They drove it up and down the streets at night to ward off preying guerillas who slipped down out of the mountains to steal and kill.

The Park family had evacuated with Mong Nai to a Christian family's home in the Kohung area. They returned to Soonchun, to find their home had been burned and most of their possessions stolen. When Hon Won came to check on them, he found his father very low. This last indignity had robbed him of his spirits. Jade, too, seemed to have aged suddenly. Hon Won stayed long enough to supervise the main part of the rebuilding of the home and did what he could to refurnish it with the necessary furniture and cooking needs. Then, he hurried back to Seoul to join the mass confusion caused by the destruction of war, the influx of 100,000 refugees from the north and an army of occupation. Sun Ai had developed into a charming, capable young wife and mother of their five year old son Chin Ja. The war experience had drawn them together in their struggle for survival. Their home had been bombed. Food was scarce and transportation was all but impossible. In addition to his home and family demands, Hon Won was still very much involved in trying to keep Syngman Rhee's government afloat during these unstable times.

In the press of war, Hon Sic with other able-bodied prisoners were released to join the Korean army which ^{was} badly in need of recruits. On his first leave, Hon Sic went to Soonchun to visit his family.

Hon Sic sat with his father on the porch of the newly built study.

The weeping willow had burned with the house, but a small plum tree and a flame maple were growing to provide shade. For the first time in many years, there seemed to be the old bond between father and his eldest son.

"Time and the wars have changed us both, my son," Mr. Park observed. "You seem so strong and sure, while your father is like the bamboo leaves blowing in the wind."

"Father, you will always be strong in spirit to me, though I hate to see your body so frail." Hon Sic spoke with loving respect. "I have changed in spirit more than you during these years in prison. I am disillusioned with communism. That experience in Soonchun showed me just how evil a state-controlled army can be. I have been considering Christianity. In prison I came to know some ministers who were there because of their faith. They had an inner strength that I greatly admire. I have been reading the Bible, but I am still not sure. I have seen Hon Won and his family often since my release. They are sincere Christians and their home is like the home I dream of having myself someday... the best of our old customs woven with the new spirit of Christian love." Hon Sic was surprised to hear himself voice these thoughts that had been uppermost in his mind.

"Son, I have been drawn to Christianity since I first came to know the Cranes. How I miss them! Christians do have something, but I am too old and too steeped in our ancient ways to be at home with change. It would please me if you adopt the faith of Jade and Mong Nai and Hon Won, but take your time and be very sure." Mr. Park studied the lotus pool as if looking for his own answer.

Their last conversation together ended as the evening doves began to coo. For Mr. Park died quietly in his sleep a month later. His two sons and daughter, grandsons, Chun Il, a college student, and Chin Ja, a kindergartner, with Jade his devoted wife, buried him in the old Korean traditional funeral which he had requested. The sons wore sack cloth morning coats and hats as they walked behind the brightly decorated bier which was preceded with hired mourners. The farmer's band and friends carried banners went ahead to frighten off any evil spirits.

For nearly a week after the funeral, the family remained in Soonchun. The sons and grandsons received visitors who came in a steady stream to express sympathy. The womenfolk served tea and rice wine in the study as each gentleman made his call. Women did not make such calls. Each guest left something--a picture, a poem or an envelope with money as a token of remembrance. Paul came from Chunju to represent his family. His gift was one of his mother's flower books. Hyung Jay and Curtis cabled and wrote letters to Jade and the family, American style.

Mong Nai agreed to stay on with Jade until she decided whether or not to accept Hon Won and Sun Ai's warm invitation to make her home with them in Seoul.

The servant girl knocked timidly at Jade's door the day after Hon Won and his family had left.

"Master Hon Sic wishes to speak with you in the study," the girl said with a low bow.

It was not easy for Jade to go again to Mr. Park's study which had been so specially his place. Hon Sic rose as she came into the courtyard and led her to the master's cushion. After she was seated, Hon Sic

cleared his throat as he used to do before speaking to his father. "Mother Jade, I have a matter of which I wish to speak with you."

"Speak on, my son," Jade was touched at his deference.

"For many years I have been away from home both in body and spirit. My honored father's death has brought me back in a way which I cannot explain. I want to take my place as the eldest son if you, my beloved step-mother, will live here with me and help me continue in the strong habits of my father. I would like for you to choose a suitable wife for me and guide her in all ways. I realize that Hon Won is your real son and has first claim, but I feel that I need your wisdom and help more. Please do not hesitate to decline if this is not your wish."

Jade was unprepared for this complete change in Hon Sic. She had never really known or understood this strange man who came and went in the night and had spent so many years in Russia and in prison. Was there a gentle nature beneath his hardened face? Was this the task she had been praying for? She had felt so lost since her husband's death. It was very important to be needed.

"Hon Sic, you are now the head of the family. I am proud to see you understand this responsible position. We do not know each other very well. I am a Christian and you are not. However, if you wish me to stay and help you make the adjustment to a new way of life, I will do so gladly."

By 1952 the three-volume theology compilation was complete in both Korean and English. Hyung Jay and Kim were happy to fly home to their families. The newly opened Christian Literature Press was chosen to publish the work.

Curtis and Florence were glad to sit quietly and relax a few days on their comfortable veranda and just rock.

"Well, it's good to have that job done," Curtis sighed, "but now what?" I feel all washed up."

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Curtis Crane! You should know our Good Lord better than that. Just try for once to rest and wait. You will see something happen very soon, or I miss my guess," Florence chided tenderly. "How would you like some fresh shrimp for supper? Mother has peeled them lovingly for you."

It was Christmastime at the Southalls. The Crane grandparents were enjoying the excitement generated by four lively youngsters. There were second-hand bikes to be painted in the wee hours and cookies and goodies to be made and eaten at all hours. But everything stopped when the mail from Korea came with a tape to be played on the new recorder. All gathered around to listen to the baptismal service of Virginia Crane. After nine years, this much loved little girl had come to Sophie and Paul.

"The next voice you hear will be that of Virginia Crane." There was a long pause and then a resounding, "waiy."

"You haven't opened your letter from Dr. Pak," Florence reminded Curtis. "Do you think he's seen a copy of your books?"

Curtis read the letter hurriedly to himself and then sat down looking pale.

"Are you all right? Do you need your pills?" Florence was anxious.

"No, but you may, so sit and listen: 'Dr. Crane, we have your book and are most pleased, but I am writing on behalf of the faculty and trustees to officially invite you to return to Korea to teach your own textbooks on theology at the Presbyterian Seminary for the next two years.'"

For a long moment Florence and Curtis looked deep into each other's eyes seeking the answer.

"Yes," Florence answered, "we will go. When do we pack?"

Mother Hedleston, in her characteristic good humor promised to wait to die until they returned (which she did). The stuff was again stored in the garage. Janet, who had bought the little home next door, agreed to keep an eye on things. The Mission Board said, "Go at your own risk, but go with our blessing." The doctor said, "Sure, if it makes you happy, why not?"

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